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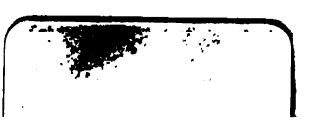

THE

# NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY T. B. BROWNE

(OF MELLINGTON)

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS OF THE TIMES."

LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1844

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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## ERRATUM.

Page 41, line 1, *for* There *read* Then.

# POEMS.

## THE NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

KEENLY blew the blast of winter, and the
winter sun went down,
In the yellow chilness looming sickly over London
town.

Fitfully through fog the gas-lights glimmer on the
crowds below,
Din of wheels and tramp of horses, and the plash-
ing miry snow.

How the multitudes press onward, heedless of the
filthy air,
With a strange and hollow murmur through the
mighty hive of care!

Every street is dense with clusters, far beyond day's
active prime,
What is this, that all the city seems abroad at such
a time?

And the thronging tide deep-sounding every mo-
ment swells and grows,
Pouring onward, and on all sides gathering num-
bers as it flows.

As when torrents of the mountains meet in storm-
fed, seething fall,
Each one chafing to rush downward through th'
opposing watery wall,

So the living lake grows broader, until none may
farther pass,
Where with men lie steeds and chariots wedg'd
together in a mass.

Darkness palpable sinks heavily down, and at her
barren breath,
All the lamps their dim spheres narrowing quiver
in the spasms of death;

Save where, prowling on the verge of gloom, some
flickering ray espies
Woman watching with white lips the sullen glare
of angry eyes.

Wanes the night, but from the countless throng
the murmur throbs more deep,
Through her myriad streets the mighty heart of
London cannot sleep.

Wanes the night, but all the outlets yet resound
with busy din,
And with snorting of steam-horses, as the trains
come thundering in.

For the land in length and breadth has heard a
desolating sound—
What is this, the spectral shadow lowering over
English ground?

Stalks gaunt famine through the people, sowing
leanness on the wind,
Girt by spotted troops of fevers, with grim pesti-
lence behind?

Is it terror of the foeman, that doth make our
England pale?
Conquest-crested walls of England, are ye shiver'd
by the gale?

Hath some new, unknown tornado, raging with a
world-wide sweep,
Whelm'd at once all England's navies, with her
true sons, in the deep?

Comes a murmur of the nations, swelling on from
shore to shore?
"Now, thou sun-like flag of England, thou shalt
gird the world no more!"

No: the sea obeys; the land doth yield her in-
crease as of old;
No: the hearts of all the people only faint because
of gold:

Faint, because the paper idol, long-ador'd, is fall'n
and torn,
And the reign of credit verges to its close to-mor-
row morn;

For the debt, in large and larger volume, slowly
from its birth
Waxing, like the giant cities of the latter days of
earth,

Hath become so vast, the future teems with fear
and gathering ill,
While despair-engender'd languor tramples down
the strongest will.

Such a debt—surpassing all the store of Ind, the
morning land,
Or of Roman, when so long, so far, he spake in
stern command;

Or of Bagdad, bright in story, in the caliph's hour
of might,
Jewell'd queen of all the Orient, girt about with
piles of light;

Or of Samarcand's lame Timour, swarthy Khan
with diamond crest,
Or king Shedad's lustrous wonder, deep in Araby
the blest.

Who may tell the storm of mind, the weary heart,
the fever'd brain,
As the long hours waste in London slowly through
the night of pain!

As two armies, of a salt frith in array on either
side,
Wait the signal for the onset at the ebbing of the
tide,

While the cheek glows, and the stern eye kindles,
but there pass few words,
As the men lean on their firelocks, and the cap-
tains on their swords;—

Such the moody silence now, the depth of expec-
tation stirr'd,
When anon a changing rumour from afar by fits
is heard.

Unto all there comes an end; the dreary winter-
night is spent,
And the struggling beams of morning feebly pierce
the firmament:

Scant and lingering long in gloom inclines the
tardy sunlight down,
Searching out the haggard wrinkles of the wan
and watcher town.

Hope's pale torch is quench'd by daylight, there
are mutterings hoarse and low,
And the staggering throngs are rock'd in heaving
billows to and fro;

In men's hearts meet rage and fear like night and
morn, suspense is o'er,
'Tis confess'd the debt of England, wealth of my-
riads, is no more.

Such the weak, unworthy doom of those who now
the country sway,
Vainly with inherited evils grappling of an elder
day.

To the people speed the tidings fast and far of ruin
wild,
Mad despair and desolation seize upon the giant
child.

Now to lord it o'er the many rise in haste the rival few,
In ambitious strife contending what the multitude should do.

One of savage hope and purpose fell, that will not be withstood,
Darts amidst the tumult raving, " Let the debt be paid by blood :"

Till some honest heart and sturdy arm his frantic course restrain—
Fool! to think to see broad London redden with Parisian rain!

O'er the selfish and the reckless comes the thirst for plunder then—
But they shrink, o'eraw'd where'er they turn by files of armed men.

Angry cries are heard and bitter wailing, but there lacks the soul,
With one deep, energic purpose to inform the mighty whole.

Some a wistful gaze before them fixing, idly seem
to stand,
Mute and motionless, but nursing in their hearts
a smouldering brand.

Some, foreboding coming horror, blindly hurry to
the ships,
Far to flee beyond the shadow of their native land's
eclipse.

Sad and worn with watching, slowly melts away
the multitude,
Asking each what none can answer, "Who will
shew us any good?"

With his hand his brow o'ershadowing, stands one
gloomily apart,
Pondering all alone, and stricken with astonish-
ment of heart.

On his arm is laid a gentle hand, a soft voice in
his ear
Through his inmost bosom vibrates, lightly whis-
pering, "I am here."

In that rose-leaf touch what influence, in that
summer-dewy sound—
Speaks, like trumpet to the war-horse, that should
cause his blood to bound?

Can the sight confirm the instinct of the heart?
he turns, 'tis she,
"Leave me, think not of the past, oh why shouldst
thou remember me!"

Scorn a moment curves her lip, and glorious in
her bright eye burns,
Then, as aspen-leaves in sunlight change, her
soul to softness turns,—

And she spake, "I did not think to see thee
brought so soon thus low,
That from thee could fade remembrance of the
days of long ago;

Of the long, sweet summer-morn of childhood,
when so oft we play'd
By the brook with tiny fingers, underneath the
beech-tree shade:

" In aspirings of thy boyhood when I first to share began,
Tracing in each nobler impulse all that most beseems the man.

When we dimly glancing downward saw the years before us roll,
When we vow'd through all the future to preserve an equal soul.

Until now the might of money I believ'd not, but I see,
'Tis indeed the god men worship, since it thus can bear down thee.

Mine and thine, ill words, rule over all; if thou hast nothing left,
Shouldst thou therefore droop fainthearted! we are not of all bereft.

What are lands and castles! hang they not upon a thread to-day!
Such a tempest, well thou knowest, will not lightly pass away.

" Are not these the days of manhood, when the
head, the tongue, the hand,
Gifts that fall not from blind fortune, shall be better
than broad land?

Whether call'd to do or suffer, thine should be
the braver part,
Now is come the hour to prove thee, let me see
thee as thou art."

He has heard, divine the issue: though Love here
is feeble found,
Low of stature, weak of pinion, resting often on
the ground;

Glory, beauty, though he loses, wan of cheer and
dull of sight,
Yet his touch imparts a virtue from his native
sphere of light;

'Tis the light of Love that pierces where the sha-
dows deepest lie,
Not in vain hath sung the poet,* Love alone can
never die.

---

* Southey.

Now there came a weary time, an icy chill, a
poison-blast,
O'er the social state arrested, swinging backward
on the past;

So the rivers, when earth trembles, to their founts
reluctant run,
On the dial of King Ahaz so return'd the lingering
sun.

Wealth has dwindled, labour pauses, and men
madly cry for gold,
Cling to gold, for gold mistrustful craving, selfish
grown and cold.

Commerce wanes, that on all seas to every wind
her sails unfurl'd,
Gathering store from every nation for the market
of the world.*

Many a source that scatter'd plenty o'er the po-
pulous land is dry,
Strong men in a forc'd inaction pining gnaw their
hearts and die.

* "An der Themse, auf dem Markt der Welt." SCHILLER.

Social hypocrites unmask, as, when the final day
shall be,
Fire shall bare the raw deformities beneath the
glassy sea.

Shakes the fabric of the state, foul deeds are done,
but why display
Promptings hideous of deaf hunger, and despair,
unto the day!

'Tis a fearful thing at once to bring to nothing
garner'd toil,
Thus to blast the growth of ages, to depopulate
the soil!

England stricken sore and bleeding, long in trance
lethargic lies,
But the life is in her, let her shake her puissant
locks and rise.

There is heard a sound of comfort, "Are we men,
that we should moan,
Thus in ceaseless lamentation, for a thousand
millions gone!

"Toil is blest of God, and change is Nature's rule,
the world decays,
Let us bear in hope the burden of our few and
evil days."

So the land reviving slowly fruits again of plenty
saw,
Heard again through all her dwellings, as of old,
the voice of law.

So the land reviv'd, though torpor linger'd deepen-
ing after strife,
Though, before returning pulses warm'd the mass
with dubious life,

Many a web had wov'n the spider * on the stiff
and rotting loom,
Many a night the owl had hooted from the factory's
lonely room.

---

* "The spider hath woven his web in the imperial palaces, and the owl hath sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab." Mahomet II. as he entered Constantinople is said to have repeated these Persian verses.

But the cloud has pass'd from England, thou fair
orb, arise and smile,
Starry herald of the sunlight, thou pale-fac'd,
imperial isle!

Ocean only groans beneath thee, 'tis a slave well
worthy thee,
For the sceptre of all kingdoms is the sceptre of
the sea.

Truth and mercy bear thou foremost ever through
the world forlorn,
Until, after this our twilight, there shall shine a
glorious morn.

1843.

## THE TWO FRIENDS.

THE sun had spent his prime, from the old house
The pargetted, quaint gables duskier sloped
Their lengthening shadows o'er the tiny lake,
That, by a smooth declivity of sward,
Lay parted from the ivy-mantled porch.
Trim beds of flowers, confessing Art, beside
The casements bloom'd in ancient order set;
But farther on Art feebler seem'd to shrink
From Nature's touch, shrubs in all hues of green,
Tangled in groups, or solitary stood,
In subtle wildness and caprice well-plann'd.
A grassy knoll swell'd upward from the lake,
Fine from the sheep's bite, crown'd with reverend
oaks,
Where the far village spire above the brow
Peer'd through a mellow interval of shade.

In genial converse lingering walk'd two friends,
Gerard and Henry, by the water's brink,
Not much unlike in years, for each o'er half
The road had journey'd of the life of man,
In nature various, Henry with calm eyes,
Attemper'd to composure, grave and mild;
But Gerard's face in sensitive unrest,
Where lights and shadows in a constant round,
Each other sportively pursuing, sketch'd
The rapid evolutions of the mind.

There is a time when they, who are in part
Lifted above the sensual, brutish life,
Feel weariness that cannot be repress'd,
Of the dull fopperies of this work-day world,
And the conventional, cold words of men.
Then should some influence expand within,
And gather up the fibres of our thoughts,
Pale threads of light, that burn'd like distant stars,
Too dim for use, and bind them in a point,
Whence rays burst through the night above the soul,
Whereby we something of ourselves may know;

Such knowledge in an understanding ear
How sweet to pour at such a time, when shines
The soul through words, as pebbles through the
brook!
Thus was it now with Gerard as he spake:

GERARD.

Of all that you have said the sum is this,
That you would have me tell you what I am:
Since last we parted, years have roll'd away,
And we with years remain no more the same:
In truth I know not much of my own life,
This miracle * of more than thirty years.
How once I plunged into the world of books,
My thirst increasing with each deeper draught,
You know, but now that fever-fit is o'er.
Beauty was my first idol, less in form
Or colour, Art or Nature, than in words,
Which seem'd of all our instruments of power
In force and compass chiefest, as I thought.

* For my life it is a miracle of thirty years.—SIR T. BROWNE.

Indulging impulse thus I learn'd to know
Poets of every age and many a land.
I found a various sameness, for the mind
Still vibrated between determin'd points,
And the old phases of successive change.
But ever they seem'd most monotonous,
The lights of what men call a polish'd age.
Whether they lack'd the strength to rest on self,
The secret of all greatness; or by words
Were carried far from what they would have said,
Like men uxorious, ruled where they should rule;
Or whether, in such days as these of ours,
The show of what is fitting to be felt
So well is studied, that our feelings too
Become conventional, like all things else,
And Art, the age's mirror, with it grows
Morbid, because emotions lose their power,
Which prove so often spurious and assumed:—
Sick of the whining, sentimental throng,
Still aping what they felt not, nor could feel,
I burn'd with irrepressible desire
For the lost lyrics of heroic Greece,

While poetry was yet a real thing:
Then mused I in what strain Alcæus told,
How the white swans of innocence and peace,
Through a wide region of unearthly calm,
Bore Phœbus to the Hyperborean land:
Or what Stesichorus in loftier mood
Sang, how Alcides, in the solar cup,
Against old Ocean sternly bent his bow,
Nor fear'd the terrors of that awful head,
Whence hoary elf-locks, streaming many a mile,
Lash'd up the waves, and mingled with the clouds:
Or should there be a gem more precious yet
The warmth and light of the sweet Lesbian girl,
The sunniest apple on the topmost bough,
From Sappho's lip one pure and burning song!

HENRY.

Were all antiquity's poetic store
Long-lost, unburied, little would be won,
For poetry * presents but shows of things,

* Poetry—presenting the shows of things to the desires of the mind.—BACON.

Which ever fall beneath the mind's desires;
And often we depreciate what we know,
And overvalue what remains unknown;
But this is from the point, proceed.

GERARD.

What most
I next desir'd to understand was man.
How far our nature may be modified
By varying circumstance of age or clime,
Religion, manners, government or law.
And here an early love of classic lore,
And stirring of the blood at grand old tales,
Bade me turn first, instinctively, to Greece;
As my mind ripen'd, to that age far-famed
Of Pericles, supreme of demagogues,
Who rul'd the people, was not rul'd by them:
The spirit, as I held, most "finely touch'd"
Of ancient statesmen, and of loftiest aim.
An age that put our nature to the proof,
When light was yet but little, first to run
Man's whole career of action and of thought.

Souls of proportion and harmonious frame!
And hence we see not always wherein lies
Their balanc'd greatness, power and order join'd.
If we seem too remote to catch the thought
Of mobs that understood Demosthenes,
Yet Athens shows what man may be and do.
As for the master of the ancient world,
That stern, cold Roman never much mov'd me:
His meagre tongue I lov'd not, nor the few,
Who, at a distance, trod in tracks of Greece.
There is enough of evil in this world,
And men's applause they sure deserve the least,
Who place their chiefest pride in killing men.
Yet, if we seek, it is not hard to find
In rugged natures and old times a charm;
And such was in the rude Republic's day,
The love of agriculture and of home;
And truth to speak, our man of bribes and beer
Looks less austerely grand, beside the poor,
But large-soul'd Consul, ruddy from the plough.
Now, gathering saws and livelier instances,
I roam'd at leisure through the waste of time:

Marking the first fruit of the Christian plant,
No nursling of soft dews to flower and fade,
But of just blood, and fiery wrath of kings:
As teach men mighty to endure, but weak
In words, ascetic Fathers of the Church—
How rose the legend and the monk; how oft
Lurk'd the base heart beneath the knightly mail,
When wretched, blinded men were at their worst,
Till Truth and Freedom sprinkled them with light:
Heaven's instrument one man, Luther! the most
Heroic of all heroes! Then I saw
What follow'd superstition past, among
Italians of the Macchiavellian time,
Or the French courtiers of the Grand Monarque;
Two generations, whereunto may serve
Two oft recurring words in histories,
As pretext and *tracasserie*, for keys.—
Enough of books, men we but know from thence
Seem shadows of themselves, old earth endures
Too many reams of paper on her back,
Far better scor'd with railways, as now wills
Mind marching purblind betwixt haste and trade.

A march as hard to comprehend, as are
The vast digestions of statistic men,
If they devour all that they collect,
Nor keep huge piles of figures and of facts,
Like a Dutch drawing-room, for show not use.
We, who are moulded less like Mastodons,
Find facts redundant, and conclusions few,
In this incessant whirl wherein we live,
When "many," as foretold, "run to and fro,"
If "knowledge be increas'd," results are small.
We boast indeed of our enlarg'd command
O'er stubborn nature, of the multiplied
Appliances of art to please the sense—
Man thrives not only by such outward gain;
And little is the profit, if thereby
As wealth grows wealthier, poorer are the poor,
Whom factories and squalid alleys bar
From the green earth and from the common sun.
The seeds of ill are many and sown wide.
See we not reverence decline, for all,
Save what may be transmuted into gold?
While "talent without sense" would fain revive

A wholesome awe, by disingenuous schemes
How to get safely, crab-like, back to Rome,
Or puzzle learned brains to understand
What old Herodotus* learnt long ago,
To wit, that freedom is a good, ev'n when
Apostles of sedition range the land,
To rail at those above them, and to guess
But ill at what is wrong, alike to use
The people as their ladder, each to vaunt
His "small peculiar" for the public weal—
I have no faith in any, nor in all.

HENRY.

I well believe that you have studied men,
In life that is and that has been, for you
Are of observant nature, and delight
To search all hearts with a too curious eye.
'Twere well could we infer we know ourselves
From knowing others, doubtful gift, for oft

---

*Δηλοῖ δὲ οὐ κατ' ἓν μοῦνον, ἀλλὰ πανταχῇ, ἡ ἰσηγορίη ὡς ἔστι χρῆμα σπουδαῖον.—HERODOT. v. 78.

We grow thereby mistrustful of our kind,
Or else our scale descends of what is right
To the mean level of the general tide.
It savours of the Sybarite, whose brain
Is only stor'd to choose his toys with taste,
To make enjoyment end of all our toil.
It is not good, forgetting what we are,
And rather as the artist than the man,
To play upon the mind voluptuously,
By skill and knowledge self-endear'd the while,
And leisurely prolong, without an aim,
A voluntary sweet of nice-cull'd thought.
To scrutinize and balance other men
Is but a barren art, howe'er applied.
Spectators * none may be of man's career
Save God and Angels, we are born to act.
Our way of life is homely, rugged oft,
But yet there is a joy which never fails
Simplicity and singleness of aim.
You tell me what you think, not what you are.

---

* Bacon.

Opinions take their bias from the will,
And yet may but in part reveal the man,
Because we are not what we wish to be.
Self-questioning we are too prone to shun,
And treacherous thoughts delight to rove abroad;
So should we fear whatever has the power
To turn us from the one thing that we need,
Wherein, with taste, with knowledge though adorn'd,
Ev'n with what men call virtue, we may fail.
Know you what 'tis to be convinc'd of sin,
The joy of an inheritance in Christ?
Believe me, an inheritance of peace,
Such as no other master can bestow.

GERARD.

What would you have me say? I would not shun
Such talk, or thoughts, nor have I any doubt—
I hold the Bible for the word divine.
But yet the question will arise, among
So many rival claimants, where is truth?
I know that I must answer for my creed,

And worse than puerile it seems, to think
That we can shield ourselves by other men,
Standing with us before the judgment-seat.
So heed I not ambiguous words, wherein
Men seek this coward folly to disguise.
The visible Church is but a mass of men,
Some wheat, some tares, here therefore who can
rest?
For infidels, their deeds are as a sword
To cut the meshes of their arguments,
They are not slow to act on evidence
Less credible than that for Holy Writ,
And hardly therefore may convince themselves.
With a strange harmony of error meet,
Not seldom in religion, two extremes,
Of superstition and of unbelief.
Some plausibly begin, but thus conclude,
God's book is not a standard of the truth,
They better know than He does what He is,
Admitting, if they must, His word so speaks,
It is irrational it should be so.
With Papists, reverence alike is lost

For Scripture in a multitude of books,
And that uncertain sound, the Church's voice.
Oft have I marvell'd how the scheme so gross
Of priestcraft, with a bold assumption built
Upon the book where fails the very name
Of priest, a title no Apostle claim'd,
Could find acceptance with a thoughtful mind.
But argument, it seems, to Romanist
Glides only o'er the surface of the soul,
Impresses not, to doubt is sin—his Church,
Supreme abstraction, is above the truth.
If reason should rebel, some proof demand,
'Tis blinded or appeas'd by subtleties,
Surpassing his, the man of venal words,
The law's assistant, or—impediment,
Who also, some think, is a failure too.
But higher aspirations, worthier claims
Are theirs, who have resum'd the name* of old

* Cresceva ogni giorno il numero di quelli, che gli altri dicevano Lutherani, ed essi si chiamavano Evangelici.
P. SARPI.

Borne by the Protestant, before he drew
The sword, and thenceforth paus'd in his career.
With these is zeal, and oft a blameless life,
But rarely, as it seems, the wisdom, when
Conflicting errors versatile wage war,
To hold the balance with a steady hand.
They pitch their tone too lofty for our world,
With scorn of taste and learning never safe.
For hence results a less distinctive brain,*
Reposing in extremes alone, where zeal
Burns, but with narrower fire, for petty ends,
And man is seen with microscopic glance:
Censure grows indiscriminate and wide,
While money-worship, of our age and land
The master-sin, stands often unrebuk'd.
Thus it befalls, as they who much condemn,
What they condemn not, 'tis inferr'd, approve,
And in this code the licences are few,

* An usual fallacy of less distinctive brains, which, having once passed the mean, rush violently on, and find no rest but in extremes. SIR T. BROWNE.

Men pry for absent negatives, and find
The sum of all, be pious, and get gold.
Can this need answer? 'Tis enough to say,
He who gives nought in vain has given much,
And what He gives he surely gives for use.
Use and enjoyment of all faculties
Declare the perfect man; I ever found,
Where taste was wanting, sense but shallow: yet,
For facts have life denied to argument,
I will pause here, and tell what late I saw
At one of the grand gatherings, duly held
Each year in London, in the month of May.
It was a righteous cause, and women throng'd,
Chief audience, as is wont, the spacious room.
Some speakers heard and honour'd, there were signs
Of higher expectation unfulfill'd,
When the chief orator, or actor, rose:
A ladies' hero, muscular and tall,
With pretty, peach-like bloom on either cheek,
Features that seem'd ingenuous and bland,
Yet those who closely search'd might well discern
A something doubtful in the lip and eye.

Familiar was his speech and jocular
At first, and then with facts he plodded on,
The matter common, meagre was the phrase.
But yet, for he was one whom oft to hear
Did that fair bevy "seriously incline,"
The women seem'd to hang upon his lips,
As wasps, but these were fairer and benign,
Cluster to feast upon the slimy rill
Of sweet sap trickling from yon shaky oak.
I sate half listening and half musing, till,
Rous'd by a tremulous murmur of low sighs,
And rustling of uplifted, snowy lawn,
I found the orator descanting wild,
With eager gesture and impassion'd voice,
Upon the dread, mysterious agonies
Borne in the Garden, and upon the Cross.
To me, who had in truth observ'd but ill
The shiftings crude of his disjointed talk,
It seem'd as if the holiest mysteries
Were idly blended with a pointless jest.
He ceas'd, complacently, as one who felt
Emotions rous'd more flattering than applause.

My mind was all ajar, I rush'd away—
Yet linger'd for a moment at the door,
To mark the bonnets, blue, pink, white or green,
Forth issuing, like a shoal of metaphors,
Jostling each other from great Shakspeare's mouth.
From thence I hurried monk-like to my club,
Where, a mute Trappist in an elbow chair,
I took up Abraham de Sancta Clara,
And wander'd back in thought to other days,
When once I heard a burly Capuchin
Harangue a picturesque mob in the South.

HENRY.

You, as of old, have ready words at will,
And years have added thoughts in larger flow,
And yet, it seems, from what you leave unsaid
I must infer the answer that I sought.
The wise declare, 'tis pleasant to look down,
From full-orb'd Contemplation's tower, upon
The wanderings and vain pursuits of men,
So they be seen with pity, not with pride.
It may be that in much you rightly judge:

Two ample books before us open lie,
Nature and Scripture, yet we must beware,
Lest we mistake for wisdom from above
Mere unimpassion'd reason's cold, dry light.
What profits it to look around the world
For barren error, never hard to find?
What we hold positive is our concern,
Which desultory censure strengthens not.
For him whom you condemn, it may well be
There was just cause, though taste too sensitive
Will blind our eyes, and misinterpret those
Form'd by a standard different from ours.
Etonian culture he had never known,
Wanting the fine perceptions, mental grace,
Self-deference with courtesy combin'd,
Our social chief result, fruit highly priz'd
Of classic discipline and gentle blood.
To his own Master let him stand or fall;
His influence grated not on every mind
That day so harshly as on yours; it is
A sort of piety to love the old,
And one was there, unskill'd perhaps in words,

With visage wrinkled as the primrose leaf,
Whose every gentle and beneficent act
Is the sweet flower, the firstling of the spring.
But these itinerants create distrust,
That platform system is a doubtful thing,
Novel and perilous, we do not find
Apostles fed on popular applause.
Religion running to and fro for praise,
Or agitation, is sedition's ape.
'Tis strange how all the currents of our time
Set to democracy in every land,
As intimating this may be the shape,
When power uncheck'd meets appetite as large,
Which will hereafter take that woe foretold,
The "time of trouble, such as never was."
But come what may, the Christian will be arm'd,
With other strength and higher than his own.
And if you ask, whereby we may discern
Such, among men oft hid by jarring names;
That heavenly seed, be sure, will there be found,
Wherever are the old, familiar signs,
Of outward fruit and inward life divine:

This, like the light, revealing whose they are,
And that, a foretaste of the world to come.
Servants of God or Satan all must be,
And false ones may defile each earthly shrine,
But formal worshippers in outer courts
Will fail in trial, while, in every age,
All faithful souls in harmony within,
Real, and deeper than the world believes,
Give God, not man, the glory, and endure.
There is a concord of all Saints. But truth,
I fear me, hardly may be theirs, who test
Opinions by the weaknesses of men:
The scoffer has no hope; 'tis sad to see
The sneer habitual cleave unto the lips
Of those once kindly-hearted, till they grow,
Their better feelings withering at the root,
Cold, hard and arid, worsening with each year.
But progress ever marks the sons of light:
The Christian, if he pauses, will recede.
A firmer mastery o'er the will deprav'd,
A faith of more assurance, larger love,
These are the crescent splendors of the just.

Why should it seem so hard to give up all
Unto the Lord who bought us, who has rear'd
His Spirit a temple in our house of clay,
Whose are the preparations of the heart,
And answer of the tongue!

His words had end.

Gerard mus'd doubtfully awhile, his eyes
Bent on the ground, then mov'd his lips, as if
He would have spoken, but no sound was heard.
Perchance, as is the wont of noble heart,
Contending not for love of victory,
Abating somewhat of his previous thought.—

Now shadows deepen'd, light's last rosy rim
Died on the lake, as Henry's gentle girl
With eager eyes came bounding o'er the lawn.

1843.

## THE AGE OF ROMANCE.*

Für ein liebend Herz ist die gemeine
Natur zu eng, und tiefere Bedeutung
Liegt in dem Mährchen meiner Kinderjahre,
Als in der Wahrheit die das Leben lehrt.

SCHILLER.

I.

WHITHER have ye fled, ye forms of air,
Now, alas! on earth beheld no more,
Dreams of beauty, more than mortal fair,
Lovely visions of the days of yore!
Dwelling where the mists the mountain shroud,
Breathing murmurs from the waving bough,
Round, above, below, in flood or cloud,
All forgotten, silent now!

---

* See Schiller's 'Gods of Greece.'

II.

Ye, who once around my slumbers play'd,
Not as things which now I see, in vain,
Wherefore were ye thus so fair array'd,
Never, never to return again?
As the vapours fade before the morn,
As the flowers beneath the Tropic ray,
Gone is all that once did life adorn,
Dark, alas! with too much day!

III.

Not as now obscurely, dimly bright,
Seen in childhood, blooming but in song,
Swifter than the winds, and rob'd in light,
Were ye found sublimer souls among;
In those happier, loftier days gone by,
When creations of the mind, that seem
Indistinct and far, were clear and nigh;
Not to them as us a dream.

IV.

There where Sylphs ascending to the skies,
Peopling the sunbeams, around them flung,
As they shook their wings, a thousand dyes,
Arch'd behind them forth the rainbow sprung.
Salamanders with the lightning flew,
Rush'd impetuous with the sulphury tide,
Which, devouring all that breath'd or grew,
Stream'd from Mongibello's side.

V.

Where yon gentle river winding flows
Through the woods that overhang its wave,
Once the fair-hair'd Water-sprite arose,
And, while echoed to her notes each cave,
Sweetly chanted, " to my crystal home
Come, fair youth, the land has no such charms,"
With a sigh he heard, she sang, " O come!"
And he sank within her arms.

VI.

Then the Dwarfs, beneath yon grassy hill,
By the light of gems, in halls of gold,
Held at the lone hour when all is still,
Rites mysterious, that may not be told.
Man they watch'd with sympathetic eye,
Wild and wayward, to destroy or save,
From the stormy to the tranquil sky,
From the cradle to the grave.

VII.

Prouder flung their hundred arms around
Giant oaks, and forth more fair and sweet
Sprang the flowers, that wav'd not at the bound
Of the tiny Fairies' twinkling feet.
Not a murmur rustled through the glade,
From the green leaves shook the dewdrop clear,
But the moonbeams, as they deftly play'd,
Chill, infus'd fantastic fear.

VIII.

Nobler was the pomp of ancient days,
When the lists with clang of armour rang,
Loftier were the deeds, more sweet the lays
Ariosto, purer Spenser, sang.
Fairer hands upon the victor's brow
Wreath'd the diadem that Glory gains,
Eyes that shine not upon warrior now
Valour bound in Beauty's chains.

IX.

Then in panoply array'd, to prove
For the weak against the strong his might,
From his fathers' hall and from his Love
Roam'd, where arms and honour call'd, the knight.
O'er the mountain, through the wood, the flood,
By chill, eery night, by scorching day,
Through enchantments, and through fields of blood,
On he held his fearless way.

X.

Stronger were the hands, the hearts more true
Of the Peers, who in the days of yore
With Bayardo, Brigliadoro flew,
Durindana, and Fusberta bore;
Balisarda—that more dreaded brand,
Which with signs of power and magic lay
Fallerina, far in Eastern land,
Made, Anglante's lord to slay.

XI.

Of the good, the valiant and the wise
Higher and diviner seem'd the meed,
When Astolfo mounted to the skies,
With the golden horn and winged steed.
Honour, Love and Friendship beam'd more bright
In Zerbino's soul, who, vainly brave,
From the Tartar, with unequal might,
Strove Orlando's arms to save.

XII.

Beauty shone that we shall see no more
In the peerless maidens of Romance,
In Angelica, in her who bore
With resistless arm the magic lance,
Britomart, who on the strand of gold
Marinell, the sea-nymph's son, o'erthrew,
In Belphœbe, sprung from fountain cold,
From the sunbeams, flowers and dew.

XIII.

Nor wert thou, fair Una, less divine,
Whom the wood-gods in their wilds ador'd,
When forlorn, forsaken thou didst pine
For the Red-cross knight, thy warlike lord.
So sang he, the master of the rhyme,
Whose soft notes the green woods still prolong,
Never yet from mortal lips hath Time
Heard a sweeter, purer song.

XIV.

Age of arms and beauty! thou art gone,
Dreams my childhood fondly once believ'd!
By the stream no longer haunted, lone
Now I wander, cheerless, undeceiv'd.
Oft with anxious eyes I gaze around
On the sky, the grove, the hill, the plain,
Void and mute are all, no shape, no sound
Breaks Reality's stern reign.

XV.

From the grave the dead return no more,
To the friends they lov'd on earth to say,
How, on yon far-distant, happy shore
Joy is theirs which fadeth not away.
At the dark and silent hour, on those
Idly do I call, who cannot hear,
Where the yew a shade religious throws
Stand, and feel, alas! no fear.

XVI.

Let us murmur not, we cannot change
That which the Supreme ordains to be,
Rather let the mind rejoicing range
Over brighter realms than those we see.
Much is hid in darkness, though the light
Dimly shine, yet vainly 'twas not given,
From the things of earth to raise our sight,
And to point the path to Heaven.

XVII.

More we know yet less we feel, and why?
Daily chain is after chain unbound,
But we seek to bare all mystery,
Therefore is not Love enthron'd and crown'd.
Thus it must be, till another Sun
Dawn on eyes that then may bear his powers
When, with light that here is but begun,
Beauty, Love, Joy shall be ours.

1829.

## THE GROTTO.

I.

THE deeds of knights and Paladins of old,
Fond theme of many a sweet, melodious song,
Of Launcelot or Amadis the bold,
The fairy wilds we roam'd in youth among,
Delight but few, delight those few not long,
As fancy grows with years more faint and low,
Wandering amid the scoffing, idle throng,
Too soon the heart hath lost its earlier glow,
Too soon the flowers we cull'd in youth have ceas'd to blow.

II.

The goddess of the pure, ethereal brow,
Who no soil'd robes of earthly texture wore,
Within her peerless mansion dwells not now,
Thron'd in all hearts as in the days of yore;
At Beauty's shrine stern manhood bends no more,
Yet some there be, whose philosophic eye,
Idly perchance, above the crowd would soar,
For loftier things, though oft in vain, would sigh,
Nor deem for nought bestow'd one gift of upper sky.

III.

O thou, whate'er thou art, when time was young
Inhabitant of Heliconian hill!
Though now no more as erst, to classic song
The dark rocks echo by Castalia's rill,
Muse, Feeling, Impulse, Genius! yet thy will
In days degenerate a calmer fire
Can breathe, the tumult of the soul to still, [spire,
Can wavering breasts with nobler thoughts in-
And teach the few, not all in vain, to touch thy lyre.

IV.

I wander'd on a summer eve beside
The margin of the vast, untrodden deep,
Pure was the sky and soft the air, the tide
Low-murmuring lull'd unquiet thoughts to sleep,
Oft in the cool brine would the seamew steep
His glossy wings, oft to the sun expand,
Upon the hillocks graz'd the peaceful sheep,
The sea-flies glisten'd on the sparkling sand,
Of a mild influence conscious seem'd air, sea and land.

V.

It was an hour of peace, for musing meet,
And melancholy thoughts, which, mix'd alway
With all that seems and is most fair and sweet,
Reign o'er our hearts with strangely-pleasing sway;
Ev'n joy hath tears, and thus when die away
Youth's transient, glittering, self-consuming fires,
Comes in life's less presumptuous evening-day
Repose, which contemplation meek inspires,
All that on earth a wise philosophy desires.

VI.

I heeded not there wrapt in thought, alone,
How swift the careless moments glided by,
Of the pure elements the joyous tone
I seem'd to catch, the various harmony,
The waters sang with Siren melody,
The many-colour'd forms of air combin'd,
Earth murmur'd through her caves with hoarser cry,
And men and mortal things were left behind
Unfelt, like gossamer upon the summer wind.

VII.

I rais'd mine eyes, awak'd as from a trance,
And gaz'd upon the scene where now I stood,
In vain I sought around with anxious glance
Some time-enduring landmark, rock or wood,
For strange was all, though oft, in pensive mood,
Upon that shore the wild winds make their moan
I lov'd to hear, while roar'd the angry flood,
And deem'd nor hill nor stream to me unknown,
Nor lovely, lonely dell girt by a mountain zone.

VIII.

Beneath my feet, three streams together join'd
To pay their tribute to the boundless main,
'Twas all they had they gave, yet all combin'd
The monarch seem'd to welcome with disdain;
To trace each mingled tide I strove in vain,
So curiously in one they all were blended,
Link'd as our thoughts are by a viewless chain,
Nor knew I which from plain, from rock descended,
But to the deep they rush'd, where stream and life [are ended.

IX.

A strange mysterious impulse moved my feet
To seek the fountain of the torrent wild,
Which from the rocks in fury dash'd to meet
The twain through pastures green meandering mild,
High over head rocks upon rocks were piled,
Until they seem'd to totter with the weight
Of their own pomp, the torrent, like a child
Which knows not what it seeks, or knows too late,
Shot foaming o'er each bar between it and its fate.

X.

Oh hard and fearful 'twas to scale, I ween,
Those craggy fortresses sublime and hoar!
From the projecting height to hear, unseen,
Expectant of his prey, the torrent roar!
Anon whenas I deem'd my toils were o'er
Like giant warriors old in arm'd array,
Yet loftier would th' o'erarching mountains soar,
As if to bar from mortal foot the way,
Where slept their still recesses, unprofan'd by day.

XI.

From crag to crag along the dark defile
My dreary road I follow'd, faint and lone,
Or cheer'd by hope or spent with toil, the while
Totter'd beneath my feet some faithless stone,
Where'er I seem'd to hear the voice unknown,
Where'er imperious destiny might call,
A narrow, gloomy outlet thus I won,
Where erst, forth issuing with its waters all,
The stream in early time tore down the rocky wall.

XII.

Upon the margin of a lake I stood,
Embosom'd in the mountains wild and high,
Whence glided o'er its polish'd bed the flood,
Whose craggy banks I late had wander'd by,
On every side, upsoaring to the sky,
The time-worn pinnacles their gloom profound
Flung o'er the waters as a canopy;
Upon the air there floated not a sound,
But solitary silence reign'd o'er all around.

XIII.

It was a scene so deathlike and so still,
That, as I stood upon that lake's dark shore,
Like to the prescience of impending ill,
A sharp and sudden pang my mind came o'er,
Methought that man I should behold no more,
To that strange solitude for aye exil'd,
As bitter fancies rose, a motley store,
Rock, water, scene magnificently wild
Their spell had lost, I sate and wept, again a child.

XIV.

Ah me! how vainly would the proud estrange
Their feelings from the herd of common men?
We know not what we are, yet strive to change
That inward nature, hid from all our ken,
Writ on our hearts with adamantine pen,
Who sinks below is vile, he who would rise
Above his kind in this our worldly den,
Pure, noble though he be, is scarcely wise,
Knows he not man of men must need the sym-
pathies!

XV.

But now advancing from the shadows dark
Hung like a mantle on th' opposing shore,
Swift as a thought, a solitary bark
Flew o'er the waters without sail or oar,
One gray-hair'd, ancient man alone it bore,
Who silent sate in gesture of command,
I saw no ripples curl the prow before,
Nor kiss with murmurs meek with shingly sand,
All motionless the lake sped on the bark to land.

XVI.

As curious and irresolute I gaz'd,
That old man fix'd on me his searching eye,
Which downward humbly now inclin'd, now
rais'd,
Glared with a secret fire, subdued and sly,
It mov'd me much, and yet I knew not why,
Like the fair, gentle bird, which loud and long
Trills from the forest boughs his melody,
A snake perceiving, coil'd the flowers among,
Falls panic-struck, and ends at once his life and
[song;

XVII.

Thus to the bark I rush'd, from that strange look
Shrinking I strove to turn mine eyes in vain,
Like characters of a magician's book,
His lustrous glances sear'd my heart and brain:
I had no power to speak or move, again
Along the breathless lake the vessel flew,
We near'd the shore, above the watery plain,
Like some vast sail curv'd by the wind, upgrew
The smooth and sheeted rocks, and all things hid
from view.

XVIII.

Scantly the brink had touch'd the fairy bark,
More shadowy seeming as more swiftly borne,
When as before a torch dissolves the dark,
Or phantom at the coming of the morn,
It melted into air, amaz'd, forlorn,
A moment on the water's breast I lay,
And sought, if haply from the vessel torn
Some plank amid the flood might be my stay,
But, as it ne'er had been, the bark had pass'd away.

XIX.

The pilot was no more, but still the sheen
Of his wild eyes pervaded all around,
As in what is we see what once hath been,
They seem'd to hover o'er me, like the sound
Of bells late ceas'd, whose echoes, slow, profound,
Long vibrate through the arched aisles: the glow
Of my heart sank, where'er I turn'd, I found
No rest from combating my watery foe,
Which soft resistless bore me to the depths below.

XX.

My senses lull'd to rest a drowsy charm,
Each earthly passion in my bosom died,
I slept within the water's downy arm,
Obedient to the subterranean tide,
Which ceas'd not till beneath a Grotto wide
It left me rous'd, beyond the flood's wild sweep,
A cave where never angry wind had sigh'd,
To disenchant the silence of the deep,
Nor ever dared the sun's intrusive eye to peep.

XXI.

But there a purer and more liquid air
Breath'd an effulgence soft, unearthly bright,
Whatever poet dream'd of old most fair,
By haunted spring or dell, now met my sight:
Above the vaulted roof was lost in light,
From whence descending spires of crystal hung,
The lambent flames play'd o'er them fleecy white,
Or from their starry points like globes were swung,
Or barb'd as darts around their forky radiance flung.

XXII.

Beneath my feet the waters' massive green
Shut out the world's poor, dull variety;
A change came o'er me gazing on the scene,
I felt all life, all joy, all harmony,
I deem'd, my buoyant bosom swell'd so high,
My limbs no more array'd in fleshly weed,
As the young bird of heaven, just taught to fly,
Believes his own all pleasure doth exceed,
Pois'd on a rock, yet doubtful where through sky
to speed.

XXIII.

Beneath the sense of joy my soul was bow'd,
When something gently floating near me came,
Formless and dim as twilight, or a cloud
Too pure to scarf the sun's declining flame,
Something I rather felt than saw, its frame
Was blended so with the surrounding air,
With the pure essence mix'd yet not the same,
That when awe-struck I sought I found not where
It ended or began, there was a Spirit there.

XXIV.

It came and glided on, I follow'd slow,
With meek submissive step, and downcast eye,
As one unto whose heart mute terrors grow,
When that his nature deem'd not of is nigh;
Oh much within our world must hidden lie
Which no similitude of words can find, [and fly,
When for themselves our thoughts make wings
And leave on language no impress behind,
Or such as parting rainbows leave upon the wind!

XXV.

Through long-drawn galleries, gem-bespangled
I walk'd, amid a strange, fantastic light, [halls
By subterranean lakes and waterfalls [night,
Soft-murmuring through the distant caves of
Whose froth unto the roofs ascending bright,
In vapours of all colours, there array'd
Itself in fairy forms, which by my sight
Came flitting, then away from shade to shade
Fading, of sound and light sweet combinations
made:

XXVI.

Thus Aphrodite from the ocean foam
Arose in peerless beauty to the skies,
Not thus high thoughts to Heav'n their native [home
Ever aspiring, ever pure might rise,
For if unsullied forth a moment flies
The mingled issue of the heart and brain,
Bad passions rous'd each with its fellow vies
The transient robe of virgin white to stain,
The bubble bursts in air, and falls to earth again.

XXVII.

These glories yet I saw not all, for thence
Led me the power whose impulse I obey'd,
Thus oft persuasion more than violence
Hath stormy minds with gentlest lips allay'd,
For if perchance awhile I would have stay'd
To gaze in fond amazement on the scene,
Methought some voice within me would have said,
"Ah! linger not," each faltering pause between,
"Ah! strive from every lure thy fickle soul to wean."

XXVIII.

The Spirit paused beneath an ample dome,
Illumin'd by a gem of purest ray,
Which, like th' eternal lamp of antique tomb,
Shed ever round a calm and changeless day,
Its glory and its beauty might not say
A living tongue, nor eye sustain the sight
Of trembling halos which did o'er it play;
I heard a voice, the things of mortal night
To thee 'tis giv'n to see by truth's enduring light.

XXIX.

I looked, and before mine eyes arose
Upon a plain a palace rich and fair,
With arms far-circling, where did late repose
The vacant, motionless, impassive air,
Gold roofs, and ivory colonnades—whate'er,
And more than ever yet array'd the pride
Of man in marble monument was there, [sigh'd,
Ne'er o'er such pomp the envious night-wind
Not such that tower of yore which Heav'n itself
defied.

XXX.

In garb unseemly stood a countless throng
Upon the plain, before the portals tall,
With self-impeding haste they press'd along,
As in the palace they would enter all,
Some were array'd as for a festival,
Yet the pale, melancholy brows they wore
Seem'd rather token of a funeral,
Some motley rags and crowns imperial bore,
Or veil'd with silken gown the stately mail of yore.

XXXI.

Illusions fond and mutability
Their misty forms like exhalations spread
Far o er the champaign, if a gleam from high
Shot through the cloud upon some loftier head,
It faded as it came, a deeper shade,
Hatred and envy, murmurs and hoarse cries
Arose where late the smile of light had play'd,
Discords were there with transient harmonies,
With bitters temper'd sweets, delights and agonies.

XXXII.

Amid the crowd was nought a moment found,
That with a doubtful beauty mock'd the eye,
But straightway vanish'd like a pleasing sound,
While some foul image flitted lingering by,
A nightmare brooding on the memory,
Vain hopes were there for bubbles yet more vain,
Few seem'd to know what 'twas they sought, or why,
And Pleasure ending in a serpent's train,
Like the fair fiend which strove Saint Antony to gain.

XXXIII.

Who enter'd at the gate no more I saw,
Yet all men sought to enter not less bold,
Though by vicissitude's inconstant law
Few found what from afar they did behold,
The palace self was chang'd, together roll'd
The roofs, the massive columns, as the wind
Unchain'd, seem'd wings earth-blackening to unfold,
Like pestilence destroyer of mankind,
Sweeping in wrath along, nor leaving trace behind.

XXXIV.

I look'd again, I saw a bird which seem'd
Inhabitant of some fair Indian isle,
Within a dark and noisome pit, where gleam'd
But one pale streak of dubious light, the while
Shewing foul things which did the walls defile,
It was a lovely bird with purple plume
Fring'd with bright gold, tho' now begrim'd by
A flower not born on desert air to bloom, [soil,
A child of glorious beauty in unnatural gloom.

XXXV.

Upon the noisome floor she lay supine,
Forgetful of all things which were and are,
Or more, which shall be, when, with look divine
All suddenly shone forth a piercing star,
The bird arose, and spread her wings afar,
And ever as she soar'd on high, more bright
The colours glisten'd which the den did mar,
Upon her plumes fell balmy showers of light,
The star, the radiant air rejoiced in her flight.

XXXVI.

But now while yet she cleft her liquid way,
Blithe as the lark upon the wings of morn,
Bound to her foot I might perceive a stay
Which in mid flight withheld the bird forlorn,
She fell; her fall the paler star did mourn,
Her beauty the foul earth anew did stain,
Her golden plumes were of their glory shorn,
Oft she essay'd to mount in air again,
As oft her soaring pride o'ercame the fatal chain.

XXXVII.

The vision pass'd, again there was a change;
Now number'd with the things which are no more
Was the fair scene where late mine eye did range;
Another form the same material wore,
Upon the past the present shut the door;
Between what we have seen and what we see
There is a bound, a sea without a shore,
Yet but a point, o'er which weak memory,
Lone wanderer, blends vain wishes with reality.

XXXVIII.

I saw a traveller on a desert plain,
Encircled by the cloudless, fiery sky,
Parch'd, as if never there the fruitful rain
Had pour'd its genial influence from on high,
Cheerless were all things unto ear and eye,
No tender herb, no dewy-waving spray,
No stream was there with murmuring melody,
No breath of life, ev'n Echo from the sway
Of jealous Silence fled, and pin'd in caves away.

XXXIX.

Such lonely wilds did superstition old
People with uncouth shapes and forms of air,
Satyrs and monsters, spirits bad and bold,
And Lamia foul in garb of woman fair
There oft the unwary wanderer did ensnare
In deadly toils with blandishment and tear;
There did the gorgeous Peri too repair,
In later time, whose soft voice mix'd with fear
Bade fountains flow, and trees a shadowy shroud
uprear.

XL.

Of tales like these reck'd not the wanderer now,
Slow lingering on with tottering way-worn feet,
Water alone wherein to bathe his brow
Oft turn'd in vain his languid eyes to greet,
There is a ray of hope, oh! yet may beat
The life within him, as beneath a mound
Of arching sand he came, where scant retreat
From the fierce sun a wither'd melon found,
Forlorn and only offspring of the naked ground:

XLI.

In haste he cut the rind, when lo! arose
A wonder strange and new before mine eyes,
As the balloon's late flagging canvass grows,
When the light air to its new prison flies,
The drooping wither'd melon in such wise,
Yet swifter far, dilating, in the fold
The youth receiving of its ample size,
Hand, arm—with mighty grasp appear'd to hold,
As deer within a serpent's volum'd coils enroll'd:

XLII.

For a brief space he vanish'd from my sight,
Then, as away slow faded the thin rind,
Envelop'd in a cloud of vapours light
The wanderer, sore perplex'd, mine eyes did find,
Not long, the vapours fled before the wind,
On whose soft breath were balmy odours borne,
From a fair garden, which, of countless kind,
Flowers, trees and birds and fountains did adorn,
Flush'd with the virgin hues of the now rising morn.

XLIII.

Chief in the midst a wondrous tree there grew,
Whose branching arms did seem to prop the sky,
So wide o'er space their shadows dim they threw,
Their leafy pinions upward soar'd so high,
Fruits rich and various, tempting to the eye,
Bore the tall tree, which far from earth did dwell,
On th' extreme tremulous boughs, where, carelessly,
Their sweets, as pure streams in a lonely dell
Girt round by deserts, upon air unconscious fell.

XLIV.

Ever the fairest fruits the loftiest hung,
And the broad boughs, which bending kiss'd the ground,
Vacant and unregarded idly swung,
Now bare of all wherewith they did abound
In verdant youth, when yet but few had found
Unto the tree their solitary way, [have bound
From whom sweet words, floating down time,
Our ears with spells which will not pass away;
Not theirs oblivion, and the triumph of a day!

XLV.

Upon the branches sate men loud and vain,
With clamour and contention and turmoil,
Though what they sought it seem'd they could not gain,
Leaves, husks and shells the prize of all their toil;
Yet not the less each others strove to foil [won,
In the vain fight which nothing brought when
As from the breeze's lap fresh cause of broil
Dropt, the late ended strife again begun [to run.
Seem'd one unchanging round with the same fate

XLVI.

Awhile beneath the tree the wanderer stood,
And musing much the busy scene survey'd,
Fix'd were his eyes upon the babbling brood,
Far from the sight perchance in thought he
stray'd;
Anon he mark'd a distant bough where play'd
The amorous breeze a rich pomegranate round,
Arous'd, as one who does himself upbraid,
Stooping he caught a pebble from the ground,
And hurl'd it at the fruit, which fell with heavy
sound:

XLVII.

Within it seeds in various order lay,
Link'd in mysterious union, at the fall
Rush'd downward in tumultuous array,
Headlong as soldiers at the trumpet-call,
The crowd which sate upon the branches tall,
Soon from the wanderer's eye the prize they tore,
And as the swelling seeds were open'd, all,
Seed within seed appear'd a countless store,
In hard, invisible atoms ending evermore.

XLVIII.

There is a never-fathom'd mystery
In knowledge as in all things else, the great,
The small alike elude the fine-wrought eye,
Which oft what it perceives not would create,
And they who know in this our mortal state
The most, do most of all men understand
How little is all knowledge, soon or late
Shuts out, before, behind, on either hand,
Infinity, a cloud-capt wall, th' untrodden land.

XLIX.

These things too pass'd, like all beneath the sun,
Love, hate, joy, grief, sweet, bitter, foul or fair,
All that we shall do, all that we have done;
As mirrors on a pivot whirl'd, where'er
They turn, upon their passive faces wear
New scenes and forms, and changing nought
retain,
Nor brightest beauty late reflected spare,
So swiftly to the unreal realm amain
Fled what I saw but now, not to return again.

L.

Before mine eyes a lovely scene arose,
Wood, rock and river, hill and grassy dale,
Such as of yore fair Oread, Naiad chose,
Or gentle Dryad her lost tree to wail,
Then render to the elements her frail
And fleeting life with that wherein 'twas bound;
Soft outlines and bright hues here did assail
My senses, in sweet wonder * lapt and drown'd,
More than the beautiful I sought, charm'd what I found.

LI.

As on a throne here did Confusion dwell,
Not she whom by that name men call on earth,
But a celestial power, whose genial spell
From discord unto harmony gives birth, [forth
And like the bee from poisonous flowers, brings
The stores which else would sleep in darkness aye,
By noxious union so obscur'd their worth,
Around she flung a mild, attemper'd ray,
Beneath whose influence all annoyance died away.

* My senses rock'd with wonder sweet. STRODE.

LII.

On the pure air thin, fleecy vapours hung,
Which oft some topless peak a moment veil'd,
Or as an odour-wafting breeze up-sprung,
Through fields of space dissolving slowly sail'd,
To die, to live, ev'n as a wish prevail'd;
Beneath with life and gladness teem'd a plain,
Whose soul-reviving plenty never fail'd,
Here ne'er it seem'd had linger'd grief or pain,
Earth, sky, all breathing things here dwelt in peace again.

LIII.

All images awakening thoughts divine,
Proud palaces now sacred in decay,
And many a tower and hoary ivied shrine,
And wind-worn monuments of deadly fray,
When bled our sires in time's far, primal day,
Mute records of great names, which live along,
Bright'ning as burning, ne'er to pass away,
The everlasting tide of lofty song,
Here sweet, involuntary day-dreams did prolong.

LIV.

Yet fairer as I looked and more fair [dream,
The landscape shone, beyond or thought or
A something pure, unspeakable was there,
Which glories not their own to lend did seem,
To town and tower, to mountain, vale and stream,
Whether it were a substance or a shade,
Lasting as time, or fleeting as a gleam
Of light in darkness, of it all things made
A part, and with it as a garment were array'd.

LV.

I gaz'd, foreboding it would not remain,
As one who sees what he shall see not long,
Thus, or mine eyes its lustre did o'erstrain,
Or some rude power its gentleness did wrong,
Or what I deem'd I saw but dwelt among
The deep recesses of my mind alone,
Which breath'd its own warm life amid the throng
Of senseless things before me, wood or stone,
Though linger'd yet awhile the scene, the charm
was gone.

LVI.

There is a splendour in the meanest things,
Which sometimes to the fairest we deny,
Beauty dwells everywhere, yet often flings
O'er that which least allures the vulgar eye
A subtler seeming, the dull winter sky,
The barren moor, the common, scentless flower,
The stunted tree, which asks for sympathy
From blighted youth, hoar age, ev'n these have power,
Ev'n these can wisdom teach in the mind's hap- [pier hour.

LVII.

Change which is interwoven with our being,
Change without which we neither move nor live,
Change arbitress of feeling, hearing, seeing,
Of much we know, and much that we believe,
Whose handmaids, Error, Truth, in turn receive
The traveller on the world's highway forlorn,
And to his heedless thirst draughts mingled give—
Change from me now what late I saw had torn,
New scenes and combinations new before me borne.

LVIII.

I saw a savage lion in a wood,
Arous'd, as if he danger threatened,
With mane erect and lashing tail he stood,
And every beast afar in terror fled,
Yet one beside him with a silken thread
Held him fast bound as with an iron chain,
Whom ever—though unseen, he followed,
Each impulse, gentleness, wrath, pleasure, pain,
The unperceiv'd did irresistibly constrain.

LIX.

I saw a mighty river sweep along,
With foaming crest and waves of arching pride,
Upon whose boiling eddies, deep and strong,
An empty bark all powerless did ride,
Headlong it rush'd where'er the furious tide,
Capricious, as it seem'd to me, did will,
Now whirling round, and now from side to side
Darting in blind and quivering haste, now still,
And restless now, as if new life its frame did fill.

LX.

I saw suspended upon air a cloud,
Unmov'd and tranquil, like an humble mind,
Or like a tired child asleep, when loud
Roar'd suddenly from far the wild west-wind,
The cloud unfurl'd its pervious sail, behind
The power impetuous drove it through the sky,
The plaything of the storms, which all combin'd,
Veering from point to point alternately,
To drive along their ever-yielding enemy.

LXI.

Free in our acts unto ourselves we seem,
Yet are we but the slaves of headstrong will,
Which o'er itself is weakest, in a dream
Each scene, each form, involuntary still,
The struggling mind's behests will not fulfil,
And thus the fount and source of all our powers,
Whereby things outward and corporeal
We rule, or seem to rule, yet is not ours,
Unknown and unrestrain'd, but felt as dew by flowers.

LXII.

Of young and old I saw a motley band
To a far country wandering on their way,
They journey'd through a dreary, barren land,
Where feebly shone a doubtful, glimmering day,
Th' abode of lonely silence and decay,
And still as on they far'd, on either side
Snares, precipices, bogs and pitfalls lay,
Where Danger his grim jaws did open wide,
In which some alway fell, as ill hap did betide:

LXIII.

Of these unhappy, some I saw no more,
Some, faint and tottering with long toil and pain,
Like vanquish'd soldiers when the fight is o'er,
Return'd into the path they lost again;
The warning to their fellows was in vain,
Who rush'd all heedless on in idle mood,
As wavering impulse o'er their hearts did reign,
Where'er they trod, pursuing or pursued,
Much haste and little thought still rul'd the multitude.

LXIV.

Where ended the rough path a fertile plain
Unveil'd its charms unto the smiling sky,
Where held their peaceful and enduring reign
The genial powers of arts and industry,
Nought did the teeming earth to man supply
Here, save what task'd the culture of his hand,
Here all things bloom'd with toil, and Vacancy
With Idleness her sister fled the land, [stand.
Whose guardian aye before wise Hardihood did

LXV.

Beyond one sate beneath a princely bower,
For whom earth, sea, air pour'd forth all their store,
Born, as men deem, in fortune's happier hour,
Whose breast the pang of blighted hope ne'er tore,
Who ever all he sought had won; here bore
Fulfilment, ere the wish did utterance gain,
Invisible hands, till the mind cried, no more,
Yet cloy'd, unconsciously would form again
Desires, whose swift accomplishment renew'd its pain.

LXVI.

Not always is the race unto the swift,
The battle to the strong, things outward still
Oft lack the power their burden to uplift,
Most grievous to the strongest, 'tis the will,
Which, its firm purpose burning to fulfil,
Cases th' unarm'd in steel, toil is its food,
Which found not, on itself it preys, until,
Its ardours fainter grown, in listless mood
It pines in vacancy for something to be sued.

LXVII.

The faith in Arcady of antique time,
Or that primeval age, so styl'd, of gold,
The blissful bowers of which in many a rhyme
With idle melody fond bards have told,
Tempe, or Daphne, balmy isle, where roll'd
Orontes, by old Antioch's wall, or when
Above dull earth wild fancy could unfold
Her daring wings, where, beyond mortal ken,
Some bright and wily sorceress lur'd hero-men—

LXVIII.

All these are dreams, for pleasure without toil
Is of the things which seem, but are not sweet,
There is delusion in this world's turmoil,
We travel but a little way, we meet
On either side a barrier which our feet
Approach, but pass not, where inscrib'd we see
Here bliss, there woe, and both are passing fleet,
Yet not alike, the first doth swifter fly,
And all men taste of each, none to satiety.

LXIX.

Desires threefold girt as a shield with brass
The restless mind, a something to be done,
Next knowledge, like a rainbow, that doth pass
In luring beauty by, but is not won,
A chase which shortest seems when not begun,
And power which rules alike with iron arm [run,
Green youth, and those whose hour is well-nigh
It is the wisest most whom power doth charm,
Witchcraft whose spell philosophy can least disarm.

LXX.

Hear and believe, with this begins the child,
With this the man doth end life's weary day,
Alas! not all; misled, and sin-defil'd,
We doubt, and find not our own stain, our way
We follow heedless, by the meteor ray
Of reason, a vain thing, we shun to see
That light alone which cannot lead astray,
We wander in the wastes of subtlety,
Rather than face the grandeur of our destiny.

## L'ENVOY.

THUS have I cloth'd in veil'd and dreamy song
The thoughts of many things; of vanity,
Of change, of virtue, and the mystery
Of knowledge, whence my mind enchanted long
The fields of glorious beauty rov'd among:
Then did I vainly ponder how and why
Beneath the tyrant will doth subject lie
The poor slave mind, which tamely suffers wrong:
With wealth and poverty, the golden mean,
The better lot, I stood perplex'd awhile,
But yet, methought, I to the last did lean,
Enamour'd most of action and stern toil,
And soon as I had paus'd extremes between,
Upon me pure-eyed Faith from Heav'n did smile.

## THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

1.

THY walls shall be Salvation,
Thy portals shall be Praise,
Th' elect from every nation
Their songs in thee shall raise.

2.

All they that once reprov'd thee
Beneath thee shall bow down,
The Lord thy God that lov'd thee
Thy brows with joy shall crown.

3.

Jehovah thy Redeemer
For brass shall bring thee gold,
And Peace shall be thy dwelling,
And Mercy thy stronghold.

4.

No sun shall be thy brightness,
No moon on thee shall shine,
Jehovah is thy glory,
The Lord thy God is thine.

5.

Thy mourning days are over,
By thy Redeemer's throne;
That Glory fadeth never,
That Sun doth ne'er go down.

# SIR BALYN.

## A ROMANCE.

### PART I.

KING Arthur sate in Camelot
Upon his royal throne,
His liegemen and his peers I wot
Stood round him every one.

An hundred knights and more stood there,
The bravest that were found,
Of all who breath'd our British air,
Knights of the Table Round.

With Agrawaine and Gaherys
The courteous Gawaine stood,
Sir Gareth and Sir Ulfyus,
Oft red with foemen's blood.

But yet the mightiest were young,
The first in war's alarms,
Whose names in high heroic song
Yet live, the pride of arms.

Yet dwelt Sir Launcelot du Lac
In Viviane's fairy hold,
Nor Perceval, nor Lamorak
Were yet in battle bold:

And Tristram yet in Lyonelle
Reck'd not of Yseulte's eyne:
Nor Galahad the Sangrëal
Had won by grace divine.

There came a maid from Avalon,
A maid of beauty rare,
The jewels sheen glisten'd between
Her locks of raven hair.

That royal hall she enter'd bold,
She stood the king before,
Sheath'd by her side in a belt of gold
A noble sword she wore.

" Damsel, that sword," king Arthur cried,
" To wear beseems thee ill."
" I may not choose, fair Sir," she said,
" I bear it against my will;

" Till I find a knight of mickle might,
Aye true in deed and word,
Of earthly wight the bravest knight,
From the sheath to draw the sword:

" And many lands I have wander'd o'er,
And Christian and Paynim ground,
Yet by my word to draw the sword
Might never knight be found."

The king descended from his throne,
By the sheath the sword caught he,
While round him many a bold baron
Marvell'd that sight to see.

And thrice he strove to draw the sword,
And thrice he strove in vain;
" For his lady bright each valiant knight
Who comes of gentle strain—

" Now assay ye all of the Table Round,
For shame it were and sin,
Might none be found on British ground
Such glorious meed to win."

Knight, lord assayed that sword to draw,
Assayed, but none might speed,
The king wax'd wroth whenas he saw
No man might do that deed.

Sir Balyn of Northumberland
Stood there in mean array,
When fail'd each hand, to draw that brand
The last he did assay.

But when the maid his raiment saw,
" Thou mayest not avail,
Let be," she cried, " thou shalt not speed
When all beside did fail."

" Meseemeth in my heart," he said,
" That I shall speed right well,
Though poorly now I be arrayed,
Nor minstrel of me tell;

" For manhood is within the man,
And not in raiment shewn,
And worthiness and daring deeds
Are not of all men known."

He took the sheath, he drew the sword,
Far flash'd the arrowy light,
Then said the damsel, " By my word,
Thou art a noble knight:

" And free thou art from treachery,
From villany and stain,
But yet I pray thee, list to me,
Give back the sword again."

" Nay," quoth Sir Balyn, " for the sword
Me liketh passing well."
" Alas!" she said, that dark-haired maid,
" That ever this befell,

" For with that sword whom best ye love
Of all men ye shall slay ;"
" Though on its blade by Him above,
My heart's-blood flowed this day—

Come weal or woe, to me and mine,
Through sorrow, shame, or sin,
No living hand this sword's bright shine
While I live e'er shall win."

Thus spake he, and the damsel wept,
With mournful steps and slow,
Sadder than when she came, again
Whence came she did she go.

## PART II.

THROUGH the greenwood, o'er the grassy lawn,
Listening the sweet bird's song,
Late at even, and early at dawn,
Sir Balyn rode along.

Or wearily, or cheerily,
Afar from town and tower,
O'er the wide waste the good knight pac'd,
For many a lonely hour.

In the summer weather, on the purple heather,
He lay by mid-day bright,
Beside a mountain, where a fountain
Leap'd sparkling into light.

He looked by, and he was ware
Of an armed knight, who cried,
" Sir Balyn of Northumberland,
I bid thee rise and ride;

Or yield the sword my sister false
Bore in an evil hour."
" That will I never," said the knight,
" Ye must abide the stour."

He took his spear of the tough ash-tree,
And gat him on his steed,
And firm in selle and fiercely both
Together did they speed.

His spear on shield Sir Balyn brake,
And passing drew his blade,
Light as from levin in mirk night
Flash'd through the shine and shade.

He turn'd and smote him on the crest,
The stranger knight fell down,
Still on the ground upon his breast
He lay in deadly swoune.

Full fast upon a palfry came
A gentle lady bright,
And she sate down and made her moan
Beside the dying knight:

" With thine own sword, Sir Launceor,
To death now art thou done,
Two bodies, Balyn, hast thou slain,
Two hearts, two souls in one."

Ev'n as he look'd she caught the sword,
And fell right suddenly
Ere he was ware on the weapon bare,
Upon her knight's body.

Then griev'd Sir Balyn passing sore
For the damsel and the knight,
He made great dole and mourned o'er
Their love, the bitter fight.

" So fare thee well, Sir Launceor,
Thou true and gentle heart,
Methinks for me 'twere well to be
Where now in peace thou art."

## PART III.

Merry it is when flowerets spring
In the sweet summer tide,
When shaws are green and throstles sing,
Through the greenwood to ride.

So thought Sir Balyn, as I ween,
After that doleful day,
The living things, the pleasant scene,
Did charm his grief away.

Without adventure all alone
He rode full wearily,
He came when seven long days were gone
Unto a fair country.

He saw beneath a tall forest
A castle hoary and old,
Where a river in a valley ever
Murmuring and lingering roll'd.

He smote upon the ancient gate,
And blew his bugle shrill,
But the ribbed stone answer'd alone,
And all again was still.

He struck upon the gate again
With the pommel of his sword,
And the gate open flew amain,
But answer'd none a word.

Through chambers vast and dim he pass'd,
Passage and winding-stair,
Save his iron tramp in the chambers damp
No sound or breath was there.

Syne heard the knight a distant sound
Of revelry and song,
The swelling sound above, around,
Sped the dull walls along.

He came unto a lofty hall,
A troop of damsels gay
In mazy dance there mingled all,
With laughter loud alway.

Sir Balyn stood awhile amaz'd,
All seem'd so bright and fair,
But each face, as he keener gaz'd,
Spoke weariness and care.

Still on they danc'd, and round they danc'd
In labyrinth and line,
But not the less to weariness
The dancers did incline.

There came yclad in steel a knight,
With lance of shining gold,
Whose threatening point he bore aright
Against Sir Balyn bold:

"Sir knight, what dost thou here?" he cried,
Balyn said nought again,
He drew the sharp sword from his side,
And smote the lance in twain;

The sword upon the stranger fell,
His mailed garment tore,
And forth a flood of spouting blood
The gold lance crimson'd o'er.

Mirk, mirk as pitchy night did grow
That rich and lofty hall,
The dancers ceas'd, and to and fro
Shook the strong castle wall.

Down, down with crashing thunder-roar
The massive roofs descended,
A voice the tumult swelling o'er
Cried fearfully "'tis ended."

## PART IV.

THREE days Sir Balyn in a swound
Beneath the castle lay,
Then Merlin took him from the ground,
And led him on his way.

"Lo here," he said, "beneath thy hand
King Pellam wounded sore!
He must lie bound with a stony band
Until long years are o'er.

Until the noble Galahad,
Sir Launcelot's brave son,
With the holy Sangreal his wound shall heal,
When the high quest is won.

And thou hast struck the dolorous stroke
Of mickle dole and sorrow,
And many eyes shall hither look
For many a mourning morrow.

Great love each man through all the land
To good king Pellam bore,
With heavy heart I bid thee part,
On earth we meet no more."

Through the fair countries sadly then
Forth did Sir Balyn ride,
Where'er he came much people slain
He found on every side.

And they that were alive did call
Against him as he pass'd,
"For that thou hast done doubt not shall fall
Vengeance on thee at last."

Within three days he saw a cross,
'Twas writ in gold thereon,
"Toward this castle without loss
No knight may ride alone."

Then saw he come an old, hoar man,
Who cried, "Sir Balyn, turn,"
With that he parted, and anon
One loudly blew a horn.

"That blast," he cried, the knight of pride,
"That blast was blown for me,
I am not sped, I am not dead,
Although the pryse I be."

Anon withal came lords and dames,
A rich and joyous throng,
They made him good cheer with semblance fair,
And minstrelsy and song.

The lady of the castle spake,
"There is an island near,
Which keepeth a knight with whom must fight
All strangers who pass here:"

"Syne," Balyn said, "I shall thereto."
An aged lord then spake,
"Methinketh, Sir knight, thy shield is frail,
Another I pray thee take:"

For the shield unknown he left his own,
And came unto the isle,
Syne heard he loud a damsel moan,
"Sir knight, alas the while!

Ah wherefore hast thou left thy shield,
Which is of all men known;
In hardiness on battle-field
Thy fellow hast thou none;

Great pity, Balyn, 'tis of thee;"
" I may not turn," he cried,
" Meseemeth it is an ill country,
Now let what will betide,

I take th' adventure on my head,
Life, death, whate'er befall:"
Then rode a knight in armour red
Forth from the castle wall.

They smote each other on the shield,
And horse and man bore down,
With shiver'd lances on the field
They lay both in a swoune:

Weary with travel, bruised sore
Sir Balyn rose the last,
The stranger smote, through shield and helm
His trenchant weapon pass'd:

Then Balyn drew th' unhappy sword,
And struck the stranger knight,
Blood-red the grass beneath them grew,
Blood-red their armour bright.

Oh! marvellous it was to see,
How skill'd to strike, to foil,
With hand and heart how manfully
They met in warlike broil!

They breathe awhile, to battle then
Foining no more they go,
Fast they unnail their scaly mail,
Blood follows every blow.

Then spake Sir Balyn, "Stalwart knight
I never found till now,
Who match'd my might in mortal fight,
I pray thee, who art thou?"

"Sir Balan am I call'd," he said,
"Brother to Balyn bold;"
"Ah me! that e'er I saw this day!"
Sir Balyn's heart grew cold.

Then Balan did his helm unlace,
His heart was rent in twain,
When he beheld his brother's face,
All wet with crimson rain.

Sir Balyn woke, and dolefully
"O brother," he 'gan sigh,
"Now thou hast slain me and I thee,
A piteous death we die.

Alas! that e'er my shield I left,
Which thou hadst known in stour,
My shield an ill knight of me reft,
In an unhappy hour."

The lady of the castle came
Where the good knights were laid,
Whom Balan of her gentleness
For his true service pray'd;

"Here where we fought the perilous fight
Let us lie side by side,
We came from one womb, let us rest in one tomb
Together, as we died."

The lady wept, she call'd a priest,
Who the two brethren shrove,
To their long rest they parted blest,
In holy faith and love.

But Merlin gave Sir Balyn's sword
To Launcelot bold and true,
Whom Launcelot of all men lov'd,
Gawaine therewith he slew.

Thus saith the lore of days of yore
Of these two brethren bold,
Of Balyn of Northumberland,
"Gentles, the tale is told."

## SONNET

### ON SEEING THE PORTRAIT OF LUTHER.

LUTHER! ah much a soul like thine we need,
In the strange moods of this our stormy day,
One who like thee might never pause to stray,
Intrepid in each thought and word and deed,
From that hard, narrow path where Truth doth lead:
We too, like thee, our idols cast away,
Scattering, it may be, seeds of future fray,
Yet is our mission high, for on we speed,
Wrestling with powers and principalities,
And darkness in high places, for the right
With girded loins let the true-hearted rise,
Unawed by bad men factious, 'tis a sight
Dear, Luther, wert thou here, unto thine eyes,
To watch th' emerging nations seek for light!

## NO LAND LIKE ENGLAND.

1.

I HAVE wander'd afar by the Rhone and the Rhine,
By the crag tower-crown'd, the slope bright with the vine,
I have roam'd over Switzerland, Germany, Gaul,
But a glance of fair England outshineth them all.

2.

I have trod the tall peaks of the blue Pyrenees,
Whose myrtle-rob'd gorges smell sweet on the breeze,
But I said to the mountain, the fathomless dell,
How gladly for England I bid ye farewell.

3.

*Ma mignonne*, I have seen thee, gay damsel of France,
Trip, *mise à merveille*, through the maze of the dance,
But I left the proud halls where the diamond glows,
In thy fair hair, my own love, to wreathe but a rose.

4.

O where is the land that with Italy vies!
Her chestnut-capt mountains, blue lakes and blue skies;
Her triumphs on canvass, in rhyme, or in stone!
Thy triumphs are nobler, O England, alone.

5.

Thou dost turn, fair Italian, from dark unto bright,
Like the flash of the lightning in tropical night,
But I turn to those eyes of the violet blue,
So calm and so constant, so tender and true.

6.

Yet she hath a ripe lip, and a rich sunny cheek,
And her eye speaks the thought which her tongue
may not speak,
But her priest in his gaudy robe mumbles a mass,
And she bows to her idols of stone and of brass.

7.

I beheld all thy glories, O time-honour'd Rome,
The Pantheon, the Vatican, Peter's proud dome,
I look'd for the wise and the brave, but around
The palsy of priestcraft had blasted the ground.

8.

O Syren of Naples, I said by thy bay,
Here how sweet it were listless to dream life away;
But things are to do which are better worth while
Than to gaze on blue mountain, sky, water and
isle.

9.

Where its green leaves the orange now clasp, now unfold,
Like a circlet of emerald studded with gold,
I gaz'd, but I sigh'd for that land o'er the seas,
Where the hearts of the men are of oak, like their trees.

10.

From the streams great in story I parted with pain,
Elbe, Danube or Arno, Po, Tiber or Seine,
But where Thames rushes turbid and dark to the sea,
Be there found in broad London a dwelling for me.

11.

Thou art not, noble England, the brightest of isles,
Like Ceylon or Madeira, where spring ever smiles,
But thou art the best land that the sun ever saw,
For brave men and fair women, truth, freedom and law.

## EROS AND ANTEROS.

I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man, and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world. BYRON.

ON Antioch's towers and battlements the beams
Of parting day in rosy gold did fall,
When, wrapt in mystic contemplation's dreams,
Young Jamblichus left Antioch's sun-rob'd wall.
Among the rocks he wander'd late and long,
The rocks which inland on the city frown,
Till the last ray beneath the hills sank down,
And forth exulting came the starry throng,
Like slaves deliver'd from a dungeon deep;
By their pale queen all proudly did they sweep:
The youth his eyes turn'd upwards with delight,

To bless the brightness of a Syrian night.
He look'd where Hesper shone, till language
brought
Slowly relief unto his lofty thought:
" Thou whom the Greek did Aphrodite call,
Though fair Astarte thy diviner name,
O thou bright star! methinks from thee should flow
A purer truth than greets our eyes below;
For by that streaming light from Heaven's high
hall,
For ever fair, ethereal and the same!
I will believe that something was design'd
T' enlighten not the body, but the mind.
Heaven is the garden of high God, wherein
The stars are flowers, which oft as men do sin
Must change their soil, then wither, and so die;
Therefore, though light doth change not, must we
Ev'n as below, above variety. [see
For if our ancient fathers sooth do say,
Stars once on high did shine, whose primal ray
Like the Greek seventh Pleiad, now no more
Revisits earth, as in the days of yore.

And more will fade, as rolls the starry year
Of Him, before whom ages are as hours,
And in succession man will see appear,
As change their seasons, all the starry flowers.
For we perchance are yet but in earth's spring,
A rich, rank summer slowly shall creep on,
Then autumn teeming with each fruitful thing
Last the world's winter, and our race is run."

Ev'n as he spake, from Heaven two glorious stars
Behind them leaving fleecy tracks of light,
This fair as Phosphor, and that red as Mars,
Shot down, and hid themselves in sudden night.
Silent the Syrian boy mark'd where they fell,
Where a broad palm a holy shade flung round,
Within a dark wood, o'er a haunted well,
Lone as it were the sepulchre of sound.
From hence, as from one common womb, did spring
Two fountains, from each other strangely singled,
Each bubbling upward form'd its watery ring,
Which, like twin columns, touch'd, but was not mingled.
The one was cool and beautiful as day,

Whose glories lawny clouds increase, not hide,
The crystals gaily sparkled at its side,
The waters gurgled harmless as a bride
With radiant smile upon a morn of May.
The left-hand fountain, how unlike the right!
Was dull as temper'd steel, and coldly bright;
By such a stream perchance, in days of old,
A dragon might his scaly tail unfold,
And lap, all red with slaughter of the bold.
Hither he hasted, from each fount he drew
In either hand a portion of its flood,
This upward on the right to Heaven he threw,
That on the left beneath the darksome wood,
Whose vaulted alleys echoing far prolong
The wild, sweet accents of his magic song.

" When the night above the rose
Her melancholy mantle throws,
And the bright, mysterious flower
Droops, and feels the darker hour—
When the mist is sleeping
On the mountain top,

And the skies are weeping
Slowly, drop by drop,
Tears, such as those might be,
Which the Syren of the sea
Shed, pale, forlorn,
In her pearled cave,
Under the wave,
For a mortal's scorn—
Then is the hour, such hour is now,
By the name before which ye bow,
From below the deep and above the skies,
Eros and Anteros, descend, arise!"

Slow, as he sang, the pure and mystic well
Upheav'd its tranquil bosom at the sound,
Foam-crested waves in ridges rose and fell,
As if an earthquake rock'd the sleeping ground,
Then sank the storm, the dumb wind held his breath,
The founts lay still as 'twere the rest of death.
A thousand colours on the waters lay,
From undistinguishable shade to shade
Varying, as Iris' bow, at once each ray

With slow-trac'd outlines on the waters blending,
And radiance to their shadowy dimness lending,
Divided or combin'd in forms, array'd
In living hues on either fountain shone;
Yet here was power beyond what art hath known,
Each shape in bliss or bale, in peace or strife,
Mov'd on the water as if warm with life.

Whate'er doth teach th' aspiring mind to soar
Beyond this visible sphere, the fairer fountain bore.
All types of peace, of mercy and of love,
The lamb, the rainbow and the mystic dove.
Religion with a lofty, pensive brow,
Grave, but not melancholy, calm, divine;
Bright Hope, her temples wreath'd with that same
Whose verdure fond antiquity did twine [bough,
For mortal Poesy; with heavenward eye [rity;
Stood Faith o'ermastering sense, and tender Cha-
And witnesses from time's untold-of youth,
Who, of the world forgotten, died for Truth,
Who in men's hearts could wisdom sweet instil,
Arm'd but with innocence against all ill.
Beauty was there, thoughts elevate t' infuse,

And Knowledge in a garb of countless hues.
On the left stream were writ all evil things,
From fawning demagogues to heedless kings;
The conqueror iron-hearted as his sword,
The fair, false dame, the proud and listless lord;
And Treachery, Hypocrisy and Fraud,
As in all hateful shapes they daily stalk abroad:
The lust of power, of glory, and of gold,
Illusions all, whence men are bought and sold:
Lust Love misnam'd: last he, of all ill chief,
From whom unwary men destruction sip,
He of the sharp eye and the sneering lip,
The false philosopher without belief.
Each shape its inward nature there betray'd,
With such rare poesy upon that well array'd.

The crested billows swell'd again
Above the water's painted plain,
A soft, prolong'd, melodious sound
Shook the dark wood and solid ground,
From the twin fountains at the close
Eros and Anteros arose.

The first was like a lovely boy,
Hylas, or Ganymede of Troy,
Or as the Greek in raptures wild
Might paint bright Aphrodite's child.
The purple beam of endless youth
Glow'd on his face of joy and truth,
Rob'd he was in a fleecy cloud,
Gently o'er his fair head bow'd,
As 'twere a kingly crown,
Then the vapour curling down,
As before the sun descending,
Spiral wreaths around him bending,
Half conceal'd, and half reveal'd
To Jamblichus' bewilder'd sight
His figure, shaded with pure light.

In a dun shroud of denser air,
Of "splendour wan," and sternly fair,
Stood Anteros, not all divine:
And though his passion-mantling cheek,
His haughty lip and eye might speak
Another, not celestial line,

Fraternal harmony of grace
Betray'd him of the self-same race,
Ere evil o'er an earlier world
Had yet her baleful wings unfurl'd.
He seem'd as one all pride and scorn,
Of every gentler thought forlorn,
A taunting scoffer, not too bold,
When driv'n to his last stronghold.
Afar around a gloom profound,
Terrible, unnatural he flung,
Reptiles, venom-breathing, from the blight,
Noisome herbs and exhalations sprung,
Mingled tainting with celestial light.

JAMBLICHUS.

Spirits, but that I know ethereal mind
Reads what my tongue is all too weak to tell,
I would seek wide some fitting garb to find,
For the o'ermastering thoughts which in me dwell:
Though I have wasted on this idle world
Few years, yet hath my ship unto the gale
Her straining wings more curiously unfurl'd,

Than they, perchance the wiser found, who sail,
Content, reposing on an inland sea,
Gliding, they know not how, into eternity.
On nature musing much, but more on man,
Holding high converse with the sage of old,
I dared to think the book that from our scan
Hides mystery, for me might be unroll'd.
Like the lorn mariner without a star,
Into the bosom of the dark I wander'd far;
I touch'd on many shoals, and rocks and sands,
And found monotony in various lands.
Yet would I not that sleep should close mine eyes,
Death's last dull sleep, ere some bright beacon rise.
For I have seen things so confused and blended,
Idly as 'twere begun and idly ended,
So tangled men with false hope and false fear,
That, its delusions loathing now my mind,
No more with self-bemocking fantasies
Chain'd to this mystical earth, would bid ye tear
The veil, and crave the substance, the defin'd,
O'erfed on shadows, wherefore, speak, I hear.

EROS.

Thou in the mazes of perplexity
Wandering too long, too far, why hast thou deem'd
Of things which power supernal hid from thee
Too boldly, as they were but what they seem'd?
Be thine the faith enduring to be tried,
To see things sever'd join, and join'd divide.
Know this, confusion is in part design'd,
And if thou seekest, wherefore mystery,
Let it suffice thee, the celestial mind
Tries the terrestrial with uncertainty.
Men see but darkly through a mighty scheme,
And the soul's hunger is but scantly fed,
And therefore do they walk as in a dream,
Fondly philosophizing, system-led.
Not on what men call wisdom may'st thou feed,
Know thyself poor, of faith that thou hast need.

ANTEROS.

I have for thee, and thy inquisitive brood,
A more substantial and less airy food,

Live and enjoy, true pleasure understand,
The keys of mysteries are in thy hand.
What thou dost feel, hear, see, thou mayest know,
And faith is but a shadow, save in these:
Oh! I have laugh'd full many a time, to see
These cloudy lovers of obscurity
Beneath their incubus of faith snort, blow,
As one who hath o'ersupp'd; but, be it so,
Live and enjoy, believe in what ye please.

EROS.

To live is all in thy philosophy,
Words worthy to be trodden under feet,
Philosophy that ere it blooms must die,
So mean and little is what men call sweet.*
And if man thus were inconclusive all,
Then here alone, what elsewhere is not found,
Through the vast infinite that spans us round,
The means were mighty, and the end but small.

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* Ὡς ἄτοπον ἔοικέ τι εἶναι τοῦτο ὃ καλοῦσιν οἱ ἄνθρωποι ἡδύ.—PLATO.

But life was given, which is a mystery,
The mortal, the corruptible to try,
Ere death be swallowed up in victory
Of incorruption, immortality.
If all things may be plain to man's weak sense,
How comes he hither, and how goes he hence?
O'er the beginning and the close a cloud
Hangs, for the things most certain and most true,
Whether the past or future, old or new,
Are oft to teach and tame man's spirit proud,
Least in his twilight journey understood,
Yet something doth he know who knows that God is
[good.

ANTEROS.

If God be good, whence evil?

EROS.

Sayst thou, whence?
Perchance thou know'st, perchance thou ne'er shalt
know,
For like the serpent, ever is thy sense
More subtle than profound, more sharp than wise.

And if it be, or if it be not so,
As it doth seem to be unto thine eyes,
I tell thee not, let the dark secret sleep,
Of God's high counsels hidden in the deep.
Thus He, whom none may e'er look into chose,
From whom all wisdom, as a fountain, flows.
Unfathomable still of man's frail eyes,
Of immaterial spirit, keener far,
Is the All-good, Almighty, and All-wise,
Immeasurable, more than farthest star from star.
The thoughts * that wander through eternity
Of those, who in the shadow of His throne
Shall lie in beatific ecstasy,
For aye exploring Him, the Infinite Mind,
More to be known as more they know shall find.
Thus, without haste yet without pause for ever,
Such their joy ceases from increasing never.

ANTEROS.

Still mystical, impalpable! 'twere well
If all within thy dreamy Heaven might dwell,

* Milton, P. L. ii. 148.

And sure the joy most desperate should be,
Since only to the chosen and the few
Tis giv'n to lie in torpid ecstacy,
If of thy creed the sterner half be true.
But for the multitude, from every clime,
From the first dawn of that arch-torturer, Time,
There is another and a darker doom,
A fearful looking-for of destiny,
Which but to speak should wrap all Heaven in gloom,
If Heaven could feel for wrong'd mortality.
The spirit strengthen'd only to sustain
More than the body may endure of pain,
To be coil'd round of never-dying pain,
To have no sense of being but in pain,
Devouring without respite, pause, delay,
While fiends scoff, " bear, it is not for a day"—
Suffering no thought may think, no tongue may
tell—
Such are thy dreams of justice, such thy Hell:
Where, once the door without hope shut within,
The larger part of men for aye must dwell,
In sorrow infinite for finite sin.

EROS.

Sin is not finite, for all human deeds
Are link'd in intricate and subtle chain,
And every deed, first child, then father, breeds
Of dark, unseen effect a huger train
Than all earth's armies, light seem'd Adam's sin,
Yet boundless evil did from thence begin:
And well thou knowest that of purer eyes
Is God, than to behold iniquities.
He gives the will, His impulse must descend,
Before the soul her course can heavenward bend.
Yet though Almighty, will He not so bind
With hard necessity man's fickle mind,
For thus were lost his personality,
If in his breast another thought not he,
But that he may choose evil; when with fire
Of sacrifice to burn each low desire
Here good men strive, their strength is grace within,
Sublim'd when truth shall make them free from sin.
The joys of Heaven are such to those alone,
Conform'd to Him who sits on Heaven's high throne,

Therefore may none who here have still defied
That will, which is all virtue, there repose,
Where all in everlasting love abide,
Because their harmony from one will flows.
Let man in hope press onward, not repine,
That God is good behold yon holy sign!

The Spirits were not, as of love divine
Th' enduring symbol burst upon the night,
Dark'ning the stars with inexpressive light.
The Syrian faint with rapture on the ground
Sank, for a while his lips no language found,
Till, as again he look'd upon the sky,
The Cross of glory met his Heaven-lit eye:
"Sign of unfathomable, matchless love,
Blest fountain, for all sorrow breathing balm!
Whereby the streams of mercy from above
Flow down to men, this stormy world to calm;
Sweeter than slumber after toil, the rest,
The haven where it would be to the weary breast.
Sweet comfort, oil of joy, Lamb without guile!
To all mankind the ever-open door,

The green Oasis on the desert floor,
Atlantic, fortunate, Elysian isle,
The shepherd to the flock, the staff, the stay,
The guide unto the wanderer on his way,
The bruised reed, the never-failing trust,
Promise to faith of more than victory,
The truth, the life, whence things of time and dust
Shall vanquish death and Hell eternally;
Humility exalted, glorified—
Thou, to whom sitting by the Father's side,
In Heaven and earth, and under earth shall bow
All knees adoring Thee, as I do now!"
He ceas'd, mute, prostrate upon earth he fell,
His thoughts lock'd up within their inward cell.

This chanc'd at eve, when rose the morning red
Young Jamblichus beside the well lay dead.

Thus restless time the world-worn pilgrim brings
After long toil to death, the best of things.*

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* Irrequietus homo per multos anxius annos
Ad mortem festinat iter, mors optima rerum.—PETRARCH.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE the Lord of Heaven, praise Him in the height,
Praise Him all ye angels, praise Him, stars and light:

Praise Him, skies, and waters, which above the skies,
When His word commanded, stablish'd did arise:

Praise the Lord, ye fountains of the deeps and seas,
Rocks and hills and mountains, cedars and all trees:

Praise Him, clouds and vapours, snow and hail and fire,
Stormy wind fulfilling only His desire:

Praise Him, fowls and cattle, princes and all kings,
Praise Him, men and maidens, all created things:

For the name of God is excellent alone,
Over earth His footstool, over Heaven His throne.

## THE VOICE.

1.

I SATE in fair Almaine
Under the linden tree,
There came along the plain
A sweet voice unto me:

2.

A voice of early love,
Mingled with gentle sighs,
Soft whispers from the grove,
And purest melodies:

3.

Fresh, joyous, like the morn,
Like evening calm and still,
Or plaintive and forlorn,
Or soothing as the rill:

4.

A voice of pleasant things,
Faint, lulling, chasing care,
Like filmy, fairy wings,
Rustling on Indian air:

5.

Or solemn as the roar
Of the thought-wakening sea,
As that which was of yore,
And which again shall be.

6.

It seem'd another sense,
Most simple and profound,
Most delicate, intense,
Was blended there with sound.

7.

That slowly-sailing shadows
Of each fair, lawny cloud,
While sleeping on the meadows,
Breath'd murmurs soft or loud.

8.

As at its natal hour,
From the melodious sky,
On every leaf and flower
Fell light in harmony.

9.

With glorious shapes I dwelt,
Not of our space or time,
But what I heard and felt
I may not build in rhyme.

10.

Oh! then did Beauty fall
Upon me, like a stream
Pervading the great All—
And lo! 'twas but a dream.

## ON THE DEATH OF LA FAYETTE.

De notre temps, peu de vies ont été aussi pures que celle de La Fayette, peu de caractères plus beaux, peu de popularités plus longues et mieux acquises.—Mignet.

1.

THE sun of the tyrant shall set,
The sun of the master and slave,
But a cloud doth o'ershadow us yet,
Farewell to the true and the brave!

2.

There's a cloud on the vineyards of France,
On the mighty Atlantic's free shore,
Let each despot exulting advance,
For a friend of mankind is no more.

3.

From the first to the last he was true,
As the light shining clear o'er the wave,
The good fight which he fought was for you,
Ye nations, come weep at his grave:

4.

Weep for one who ne'er bent to the things
To which men offer incense, ev'n yet,
Cry, before herds of nobles and kings
We will wear in our hearts La Fayette.

## ALL IS NOT VAIN.

1.

ALL is not vain, some thoughts and deeds there are,
Which, eagle-like, mount upward to the skies,
Refin'd and purified from earth, afar
To mansions whence they came again they rise:

2.

With strength unequal, but with dauntless breast
Firmer to stand when most the vulgar fly,
Betwixt the proud oppressor and th' opprest,
And for the right, not glory, dare to die:

3.

Above all earthly blessings truth to seek,
Heedless alike of human wrath or scorn,
Firm from the smooth unto the wrinkled cheek
This thought to keep, for earth man was not born:

4.

That God is wiser holier than we,
To feel, as low before Him we bow down,
That here, when we would strive in vain to see,
Much must be done,* and little may be known.

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* Here where much is to be done and little to be known.
DR. JOHNSON'S PRAYERS.

## THE CURSE.

1.

WILT thou cry unto the mountains hoary,
Fall and cover me from the dreary plain,
Where the gloom upon the corpses gory
Descending clothes with mystery the slain?

2.

Does remembrance like thy shadow haunt thee?
Shriek, yawn beneath me, to the deaf, dull wave,
But the frail plank answering will taunt thee,
Thus frail, I am not impotent to save.

3.

Frenzy-led, go search around creation,
Seek death from poison, famine, plague or steel,
Stocks and stones will cry through every nation,
There is no death for him who cannot feel.

## THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

IDEALIST.

Die Phantasie in meinem Sinn
Ist diess Mahl gar zu herrisch,
Fürwahr, wenn ich das Alles bin,
So bin ich heute närrisch.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Wolkenzug und Nebelflor
Erhellen sich von oben,
Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr,
Und Alles ist zerstoben.—GOETHE.

THERE sate a youth on the steps that led
To the lofty temple of marble red,
Upon the hundredth massive stone,
At midday, silent and alone.

Who would climb to the gates of brass
O'er a thousand marble steps must pass,
Facing the four winds of Heaven, without
A thousand columns girt it about.

On the southern side in the ruddy light
The capitals glitter'd with shapes of affright,
Dragons and griffins, a horrible crew,
Such as creation never knew.

In the midst a rose, mysterious flower,
Like a queen in the pride of beauty and power,
Essences holy scatter'd around,
Which many sought but few e'er found.

On the east there flutter'd a lovely Peri,
Her fair face languid, her bright wings weary,
Faintly drooping she strove to fly
From a furious Deev that hover'd on high.

On the north there stood an iron king,
With his captains beside in a warlike ring,
Fearful it was to see and feel
The blaze that shot from the living steel.

On the west it seem'd the columns high
Bore features of fiends in agony,
And over the portal vast and tall
Sate Eblis on a fiery ball.

Dark sayings of the wise of yore,
Signs and sigils the columns bore,
There was the world's chequer'd story to see,
What was, what is, and what shall be.

Fair as at its earliest hour,
When it rose at the sound of words of power,
Unscath'd by time did the temple stand,
It was no work of mortal hand.

Like a shoreless sea, on every side
Was spread a desert vast and wide,
No tree was there nor grassy hill,
All was burning, mute and still.

Fiercely the pitiless sun shone then,
Like a tyrant dethron'd who reigns again,
The young man thrice to the temple red,
Thrice to heaven uplifted his head:

He had no power from thence to part,
No power to form a prayer in his heart,
Breathless, motionless, all alone,
He sate, as if carv'd of the senseless stone;

For now the fated hour drew nigh,
Foretold by the sages of years gone by,
The hour when first, since time began,
Those gates should open to erring man.

There flitted a shape the columns among,
Like the glorious light of ancient song,
At intervals, when all else was dark,
Shining, and leaving behind no spark;

Each column alternately felt its power,
Like the last sunbeam on a golden tower,
To the western portal's fiery ball
It flew like a fiend at a sorcerer's call:

As fire through gossamer may pass,
In light were melted the gates of brass,
Was heard a rumbling, jarring sound,
And bare lay the temple's vast profound.

The youth with rapture-dizzied head
The deep recesses advanc'd to tread,
So, when the town long-leaguer'd falls,
Stands a conqueror on the virgin walls.

Things were there at random flung,
More than may be said or sung,
Figures which most men's wits entangle,
Cone, parallelogram, circle or angle.

Half like a sylph and half like a gnome,
A master in rags of a royal dome,
A contrast in countenance, bright and dark,
Compounded as 'twere 'twixt an owl and a lark,

Defective in each limb and feature
Strutted a self-complacent creature,
A thing to make the wiser weep,
If honest scorn were laid asleep.

" Alas !" he said, " our life is brittle,
Ever we see too much or too little,
Like they who to square the circle tried,
We leap over truth on either side:

But I than the world am wiser and better,
For I search esoteric beyond the letter,
And mine eyes are exceedingly well assorted,
Because they are contrary-wise distorted:

Between two extremes thus things I adjust,
By a balance I can trust,
I make, like astronomers, my calculations
From a mean of many observations."

The young man doubtfully answer'd, " good,"
And look'd as if he understood,
He thought precisely what suited th' occasion,
And his thoughts would have utter'd without
evasion—

But a sound through the vistas of columns tall
Roll'd, like the roar of a festival,
When prostrate nations wake from earth,
Fierce with joy, at Freedom's birth.

Lightnings flash'd through the temple then,
The huge pillars reel'd like drunken men,
Loom'd through the dark vast figures, hands
Clashing blood-impurpled brands.

From the quivering roofs red spouts of gore
Plashing in cataracts flooded the floor,
Earth yawn'd, and fiery gusts amain
Hissing lick'd up that ghastly rain.

Such was the clamour and the strife,
As Chaos were loose to war with life,
When together the jarring elements hurl'd
Shall tear and dismember the mighty world.

Yet with disorder and horror mix'd
Visions of fair things flitted betwixt,
In the blackness of ages so shine and move
The strength of virtue, the light of love.

For who through caverns of dim space
Would search memorials of his race,
Could the dreary task no more supply
Than a sickening heart and a weary eye!

But these, the feeble, endur'd not long
The tempest of enormous wrong,
In the stormy war of the old and new
Their lot was evil, their number few.

Will join'd with power might far extend,
Were it not that both must have an end,
But, as in man's small world we find
The wrath no greater than the mind,

So horrors of our outward sense,
Earthquake, tornade or pestilence,
Their fury spent, conviction bring
Of weakness in each evil thing,

Of strength in order, that sustains
Enduring life-blood in all veins,
The mighty heart whereunto roll
All currents of the boundless whole—

Thus rag'd the storm and pass'd away,
With promise of a purer day,
Though seeds of disease lay scatter'd afar,
Foreboding another and darker war,

And calamity came with footstep soft,
On the heads of a multitude treading aloft,
Bidding the blind ones wail and weep,
Who sow the wind must the whirlwind reap:

Change following time determines all
Conditions of our earthly ball,
Change that when truly understood,
Seldom brings evil void of good.

So here when calm succeeded storm,
Lay shatter'd many an idol form,
Erst wont to cramp and circumscribe
The mind in theatre, cave, or tribe.

The face of Freedom dazzling stirr'd
The soul of man, the prison'd bird,
That imp'd with broader pinions sought
T' expatiate o'er all realms of thought.

High hopes upon the wind were cast
In shallow scorn of all the past,
But when the promis'd goal was won,
Seem'd nothing purer, greater done.

Faith in things outward, false and cold,
Increases as the world grows old,
Of little power, till dawn within
Knowledge of weakness and of sin.

If wisdom enter'd by surprise,
Here much there was to make man wise,
Where the senses, like bees, from change the flower
Might hive in the mind sweet store each hour.

But if mind to sense respond not well,
We gather honey without the cell,
The transient lesson, not imprest,
Like the dove on the water, can find no rest.

Moreover the wonders the youth now saw,
Albeit surpassing nature's law,
According to an axiom old,
Might shrink in dimension if all were told;

But oft with a grandeur not its own
We clothe what is but partly known;
Let us not farther then prolong
What seems a shadowy, bootless song,

Lest languor settle on the page,
So ill befitting our nervous age;
What matters it how, or where, or when
The youth rejoin'd his fellow men;

Or whether the temple may be found
By those who search the wide world round,
And think, like Faust, they can supply
An inward want by change of sky—

At times 'tis sweet over dale or hill
To ramble after a wayward will,
And they who seldom search in vain
Will find the moral of the strain.

## FREEDOM.

WHAT marvel, Freedom! if for thee
So much hath borne mortality,
If o'er thy cause a glory cast
So many great names of the past!
Thou art indeed "a noble thing,"
Yet more for what thy chase doth bring
Than for thyself, for thou in sooth
Dost oft-times wear but seeming truth,
Thy meteor splendours from afar
Not seldom but delusions are,
Which men admire because unknown,
Nor see—a choice of ills alone.
Yet, though it should endure for ever,
The struggle is no vain endeavour,

Though never to be won, the prize
Eludes our grasp, delights our eyes,
Still he who manfully hath fought
Wins often more than what he sought;
These high aspirings for mankind
Collect, controul, exalt the mind,
Which, centred not on self, can scorn
All for which seem the many born,
But to be bought and to be sold,
The lust unquenchable of gold!

## FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER.

Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.—ECCLESIASTES, i. 7.

1.

FLOW on thou shining river,
Flow deeper, broader on,
Thy glory to deliver
At ocean's hoary throne,
No hope within thee bearing,
No fear, or idle pride,
Where'er thou glidest, wearing
Each image on thy tide.

2.

Flow on thou shining river,
With gentle murmur flow,
So beauty passeth ever,
And true-love changeth so.*
Renewing without ending
Thou pour'st thy life away,
Insensibly still blending
With yesterday to-day.

3.

Flow on thou shining river,
Another and the same,
Retaining falsely ever
Thine old and worn-out name,

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* Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss,
Nimmer werd' ich froh,
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.—GOETHE.

In all thy waste of waters
No drop is surely thine,
Say which of those thy daughters
Were Tiber once, or Rhine!

4.

Flow on thou shining river,
Through earth and air to roam,
In toil that ceaseth never,
Till time shall call thee home.
When clouds above us sleeping
Shall fall, no more to rise,
But dust where dews lie weeping,
Shall mount beyond the skies.

1841.

# TRANSLATIONS.

## FROM GOETHE.

### LIKE MEETS LIKE.

A BLUE-BELL blooming
In early spring
I found perfuming
The air, sweet thing!
A bee came thither
And sipt his hour—
How meet for each other
Were insect and flower!

# FROM THE WEST-OESTLICHER DIVAN.

## HEGIRA.

1.

NORTH and West and South are clashing,
Thrones are tumbling, kingdoms crashing,
Fly to th' Orient pure and fair,
Breathe the patriarchal air,
There with love and wine and song
Khizzer's * well shall youth prolong.

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* The fountain of youth. See D'HERBELOT.

2.

There would I fix human sight
On the pure and on the right,
On creation's primal deep,
Whence men wisdom's harvest reap,
Speech of earth but heavenly lore,
Puzzling not their brains therefore.

3.

There are parents honour'd high,
From a stranger lord men fly,
Limits due to youth assign'd,
Wide belief and thought confin'd,
And the word with reverence heard
Because it was a spoken word.

4.

I will mix with shepherd races,
Be refresh'd upon Oases,
Join the caravan by dusk,
Trade in coffee, shawls and musk,
Every path tread up and down
From the desert to the town.

5.

On the rough and rocky way
Cheers me, Hafiz, thy sweet lay,
When with rapture on his track,
From the camel's lofty back
Sings the guide to wake each star,
And the robbers scare afar.

6.

In the bath when I may be,
Hafiz, I will think of thee,
When her veil uplifts my fair,
Waving odorous, amber hair,
If the poet whisper love,
Houris languish, ev'n above.

7.

Not on this with envy think,
From the poet would ye shrink?
Yet remember whose the sighs,
By the gates of Paradise,
Lightly knocking aye are soaring,
Everlasting life imploring!

## TO ZULEIKA.

1.

I SEEK but little in the throng,
Henceforth to me all ways are even,
The little that I seek, how long
The bounteous world hath freely given

2.

Serene in the resort of men,
Within my narrow home serene,
I sit, I think of thee, but then
My spirit wanders from the scene.

3.

All mighty Timour's realms are thine,
His lordly soldier is thy slave,
For thee Badakshan's rubies shine,
The turquoise of the Caspian wave.

4.

All fruits which earth doth bear most sweet
From bright Bokhara's sunny land—
A thousand songs are at thy feet
On silken leaves of Samarcand.

5.

Yet may'st thou read what late my heart
Pour'd forth from Ormuz, with a smile,
How ever vie each trade and art
Thine hours, Zuleika, to beguile.

6.

How in the far-off Brahmin's land
Ten thousand fingers ply the loom,
That all the pomp of Hindostan
For thee on silk and wool may bloom.

7.

And how they search where torrents roar,
That thou right royally may'st shine,
For diamonds of Soomelpoor,
The sand, the gravel and the mine.

8.

How too the daring diver-band
Tears pearly treasure from the sea,
That thence may twine the cunning hand
The fairest only, meet for thee.

9.

Bassorah spreads her frankincense
In odorous clouds around, beside thee,
From every clime for every sense
The caravans with sweets provide thee.

10.

Yet all this rich, imperial store
At last the weary eye must strain,
It is thine all, alas! no more,
To love and to be lov'd again!

## FROM CALDERON.

NO blasone el alba pura
Que la debe este jardin
La luz, ni fragrancia hermosa,
Ni la purpura la rosa,
Ni la blancura el jasmin.

EL PRINCIPE CONSTANTE.

Vaunt not thou purest morn,
That sweets to thee this garden owes,
Not thine the light on Flora's brow,
Not thine the jasmine's fragrant snow,
The purple of the rose.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.